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CLARION SONG BOOK

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1906



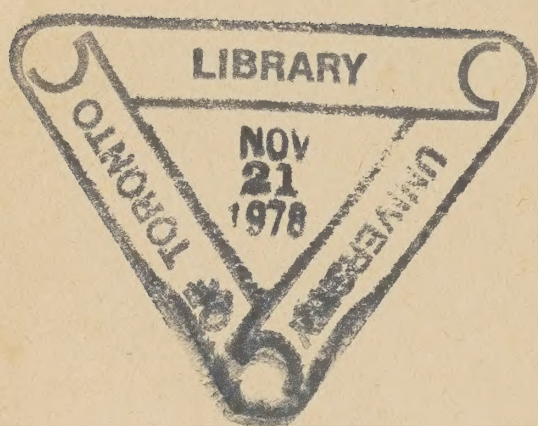
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THE
CLARION SONG BOOK

EDITED
GEORGIA PEARCE

LONDON

THE CLARION PRESS, 44, Worship Street, E.C.
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FOREWORD.

FLETCHER, of Saltoun, was right as to the relative importance of law-giving and ballad-making. Public law is made by a privileged class : popular ballads gush spontaneously from the hearts of the people. If the law is not congenial to the song—so much the worse for the “coo.” Laws often enough the people could well spare : songs they will have.

Now, the Socialist movement, which is a strong and growing movement, is not opulent in songs. With poetry it is, for so young a movement, well enough equipped ; but there is a dearth of good songs, with good music to them, that may be sung with pleasure and effect by all sorts and conditions of Socialists.

It is in the hope of meeting this need that Mrs. Pearce has compiled this book. Some of the lyrics are new : many are old favourites. Most of the tunes have been specially composed. The book as it stands should be useful to Socialist organisations in all parts of the Kingdom. It is sound work, sincerely and carefully done ; and in view of the need for such work, and the labour of love spent upon it by the compiler, the writers, and composers, it is a pleasure to wish the little venture good speed, and to help it so far as we are able. May every song be found subsequently, like that breathed by Longfellow, “in the heart of a friend.”

ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

HERNE HILL,
November, 1906.

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No. 1.

ENGLAND, ARISE!

EDWARD CARPENTER.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

f

1. Eng-land, a - rise! the long, long night is o - ver, Faint in the east be -
 2. Peo - ple of Eng - land! all your val - leys call you, High in the ris - ing

- hold the dawn ap - pear; Out of your e - vil dream of toil and sor - row—
 sun the lark sings clear; Will you dream on, let shame - ful slum - ber thrall you?

p

A - rise, O Eng-land, for the day is here; From your fields and hills,
 Will you dis-own your na - tive land so dear? Shall it die un - heard—

f

Hark! the an - swer swells— A - rise, O Eng-land, for the day is here!
 That sweet plead - ing word? A - rise, O Eng-land, for the day is here!

3.
 Over your face a web of lies is woven,
 Laws that are falsehoods pin you to the ground,
 Labour is mocked, its just reward is stolen,
 On its bent back sits Idleness encrowned.
 How long, while you sleep,
 Your harvest shall it reap?
 Arise, O England, for the day is here!

4.
 Forth, then, ye heroes, patriots, and lovers!
 Comrades of danger, poverty, and scorn!
 Mighty in faith of Freedom your great Mother,
 Giants refreshed in Joy's new-rising morn!
 Come and swell the song,
 Silent now so long:
 England is risen!—and the day is here.

No. 2. HARK! A NEW SONG.

MONTAGUE BLATCHFORD.

MONTAGUE BLATCHFORD.

p

1. Far down from a - ges - end - ed, Float e - choes
2. Hark, now a new song ring - ing, Swells out se -

p

of a song, With the voi - ces of an - gels blend - ed,
- rene and clear From the voi - ces of brave men bring - ing

cres.

D.C. mf

Sweet - ly it swells and rolls a - long. Firm tones un -
Hope to those who la - bour here. No more with

mf

- dimm'd by sad - ness, Soar - ing high on daunt - less wing;
sad hearts fail - ing, Shall the peo - ple toil a - long;

cres.

Brave men who sung with glad - ness Songs the brave a -
Ty - rants al - read - y quail - ing, Shall sur - ren - der

f

- lone could sing. Calm - ly op - pres - sion scorn - ing,
to our song. Raise then, with hearts un - shak - ing,

f

Proud - ly for truth and right, Then a - rose songs that
Proud - ly our an - them gay, Till the souls of the

poco rall.

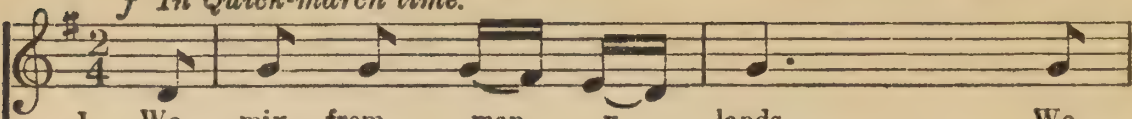
hail'd the morn - ing 'Mid the dark - ness of the night.
peo - ple a - wak - ing, Hail with hope the dawn - ing day.

No. 3. MARCHING SONG.

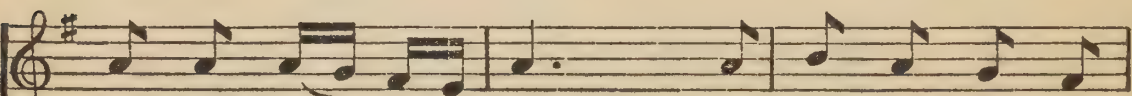
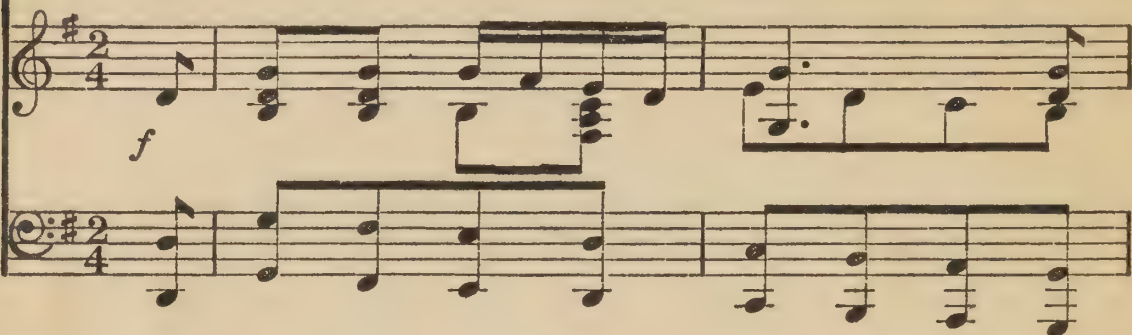
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

RUTLAND BOUGHTON.

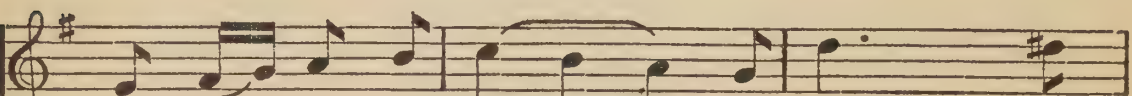
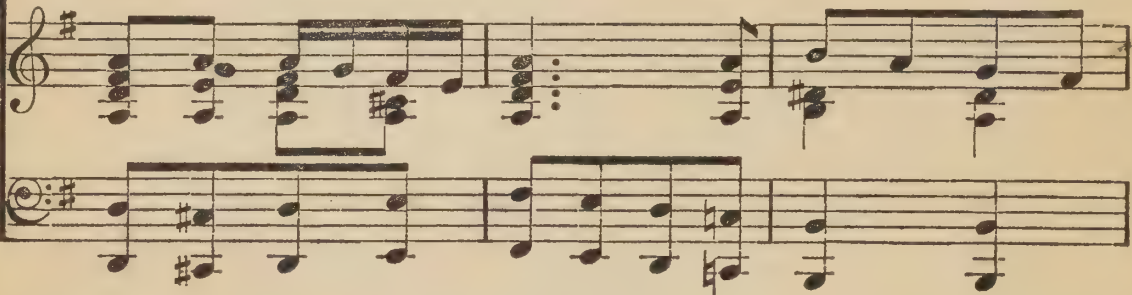
f In Quick-march time.



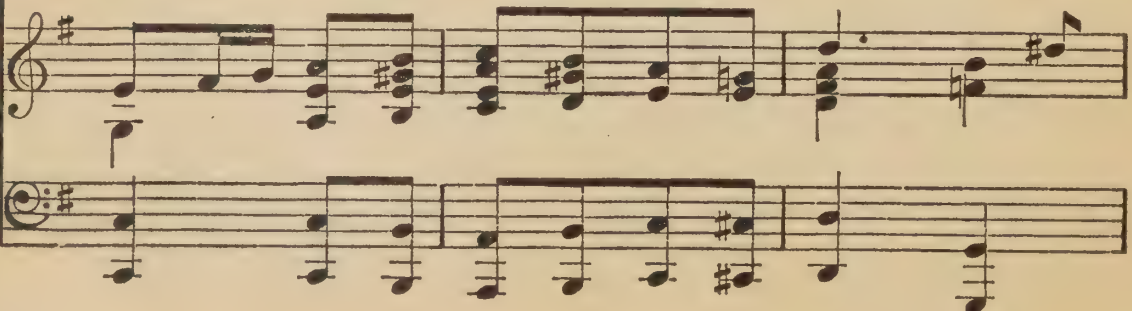
1. We	mix	from	man -	y	lands,	We
2. It	doth	not	flame	and	wane	With
3. We're	girt	with	our	be -	lief,	Clothed
4. Out	un -	der	moon	and	stars	And



march from	ve -	ry	far ;	In hearts	and	lips	and
years and	spheres	that	roll,	Storm can -	not	shake	nor
with our	will	and	crowned ;	Hope, fear,	de -	light,	and
shafts of	th' ur -	gent	sun,	Whose face	on	pris -	on



hands	Our	stuffs	and	wea -	pons	are ;	The
stain	The	strength	that	makes.....	it	whole,	The
grief,	Be -	fore	our	will.....	give	ground ;	Their
bars	And	moun -	tain -	heads.....	is	one,	Our



light we walk in dark - ens
 fire that moulds and moves it
 calls are in our ears As
 march is ev - er last - ing

Verses 1, 2, 3, 4.

Sun and moon and star.....
 Of the sove - reign soul.....
 sha - dows of dead sound.....
 Till time's march be done.....

Last Verse only.

molto rit.

5.
 O sorrowing hearts of slaves,
 We heard you beat from far !
 We bring the light that saves ;
 We bring the morning star ;
 Freedom's good things we bring you
 Whence all good things are.

No. 4. HARK! THE BATTLE CRY.

H. S. SALT.

Welsh Air arranged.

f

1. { Hark! the bat - tle cry is ring - ing! Hope with - in our
Though we wield nor spear nor sa - bre, We, the stur - dy

2. { Long in wrath and des - per - a - tion, Long in hun - ger,
Now, dis - dain - ing use - less sor - row, Hope from bright - er

{ bo - soms spring - ing, Bids us jour - ney for - ward sing - ing -
sons of La - bour, Help - ing ev - 'ry man his neigh - bour,
{ shame, pri - va - tion, Have we borne the de - gra - da - tion
thoughts we'll bor - row; Oft - en shines the fair - est mor - row

ff

1st. 2nd.

{ Death to ty - rant's might!
Shrink not from the fight!
{ Of the rich man's spite;
Af - ter storm - iest night.

8ves.

p

See our homes be - fore us! Wives and babes im -
Ty - rant hearts, take warn - ing! No - bler days are

f
 - plore us; So firm we stand in heart and hand, And
 dawn-ing; He - ro - ic deeds, sub - lim - er creeds, Shall

f
 swell the daunt - less cho - rus. Men of La - bour,
 her - ald Free - dom's morn - ing! Men of La - bour,

cres.
 young or ho - ry, Would ye win a name in sto - ry?
 young or ho - ry, Would ye win a name in sto - ry?

ff
 Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! Jus-tice! Free-dom! Right!
 Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! God shall help the Right!

No. 5.

SONG OF LABOUR.

ANDREAS SCHEU.

JOSEF SCHEU.

1. Wher-e'er the eye its glance may throw, Where'er in earth's most pleasant places The
2. She delves the mine to forge her swords, Tho' ne'er so deep the ore be lying; Builds
3. She works and weaves while others rest, Has nought for roof but heav'n above her; For

Rich gifts lie strewn in La - bour's
And shapes their cof - fins for the
With scarce a rag her limbs to

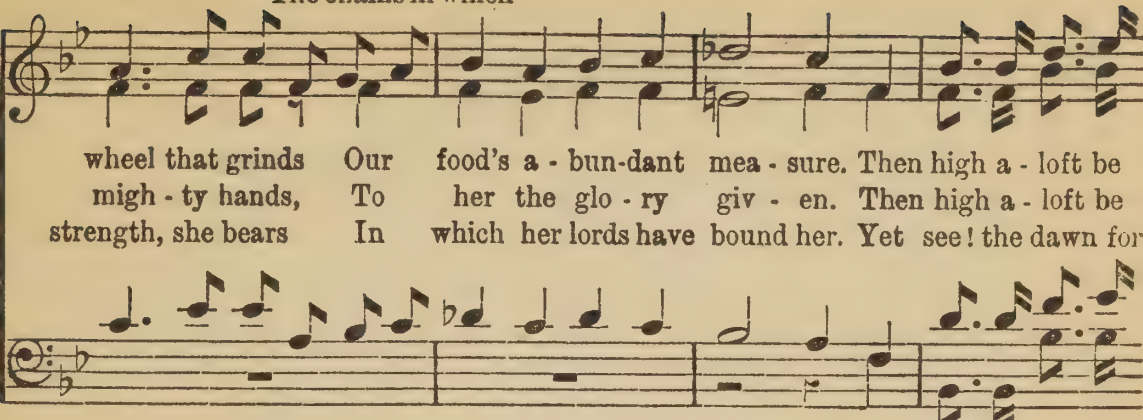
glo - ries of the sun - shine glow, Rich gifts lie strewn in
pa - la - ces for liv - ing lords, Their cof - fins for the
oth - ers spins their sil - ken nest, With scarce a rag to

tra - ces. 'Tis La - bour sows the seed and finds The
dy - ing. The i - ron rails that link the lands, The
cov - er; Pro - vides the robes that plea - sure wears, With

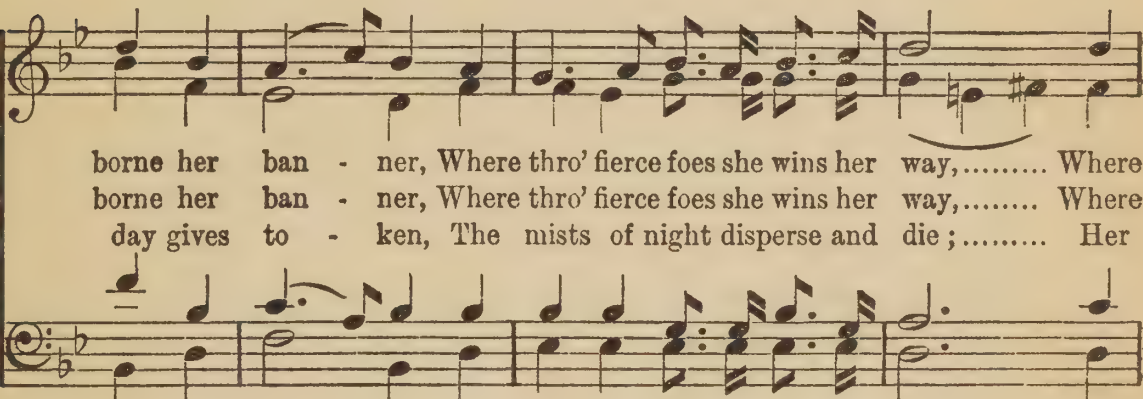
and finds
the lands,
she wears,

wealth of autumn's gold - en trea - sure, And shapes the whirl - ing
ships that o'er the waves are dri - ven, Are wrought by La - bour's
want and mi - se - ry a - round her; And know - ing not her

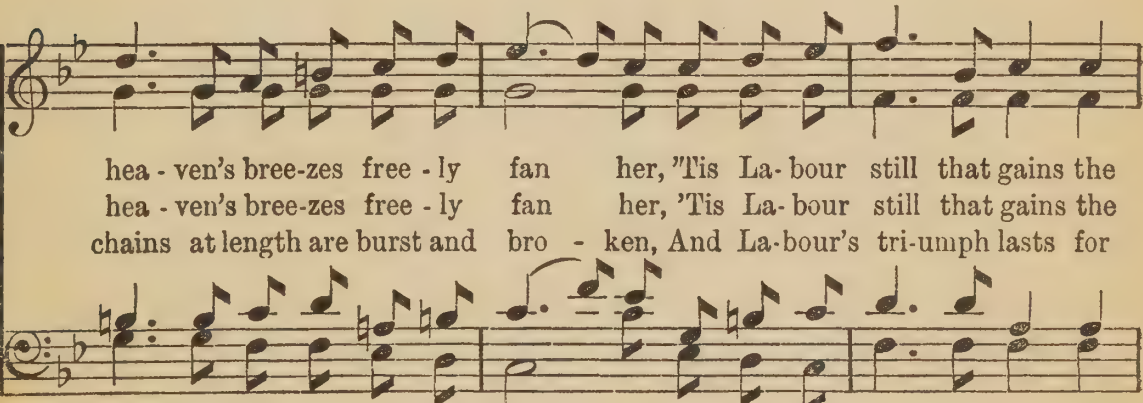
Our dai - ly food's
To her be all
The chains in which



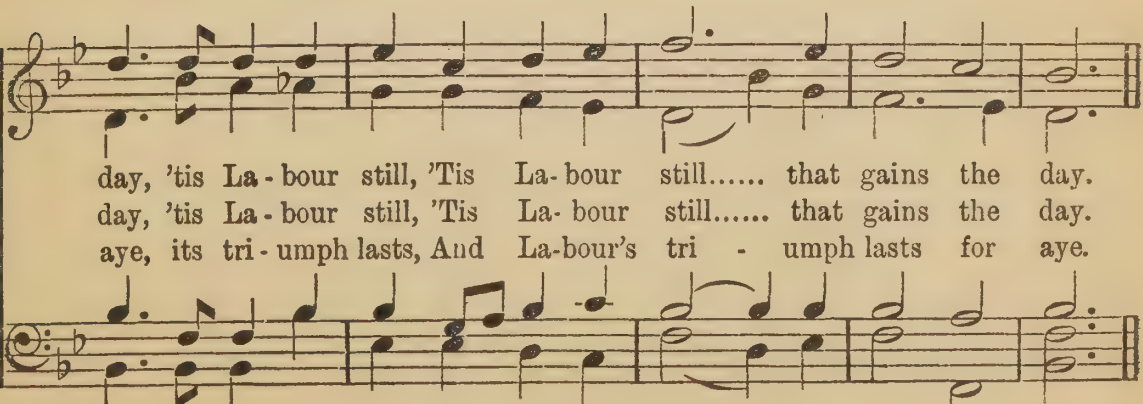
wheel that grinds Our food's a - bun-dant mea - sure. Then high a - loft be
migh - ty hands, To her the glo - ry giv - en. Then high a - loft be
strength, she bears In which her lords have bound her. Yet see! the dawn for



borne her ban - ner, Where thro' fierce foes she wins her way,..... Where
borne her ban - ner, Where thro' fierce foes she wins her way,..... Where
day gives to - ken, The mists of night disperse and die;..... Her



hea - ven's bree-zes free - ly fan her, 'Tis La - bour still that gains the
hea - ven's bree-zes free - ly fan her, 'Tis La - bour still that gains the
chains at length are burst and bro - ken, And La - bour's tri - umph lasts for



day, 'tis La - bour still, 'Tis La - bour still..... that gains the day.
day, 'tis La - bour still, 'Tis La - bour still..... that gains the day.
aye, its tri - umph lasts, And La - bour's tri - umph lasts for aye.

No. 6. NOW COURAGE, WORKING BROTHERS.

Anon. *Brightly.*

J. PERCIVAL JONES.

f

1. Now cour - age, work - ing bro - thers, The
2. Then march to - ge - ther, bro - thers, With
3. O bro - thers, be u - ni - ted, And

day has come at last, The clouds are lift - ing
firm, u - ni - ted tread, There's hope for those who
hold to - ge - ther close, There's strength to us in

quick - ly, The night is break - ing fast. Be
fol - low, There's strength for those who lead. With
U - nion, There's weak - ness for our foes. Then

p

cres.

strong, then, and of cour - age, Our cause is just and
hope, then, and with cour - age, We'll quit our - selves like
let us not di - vide, men, But all one bo - dy

right, And he who holds by Jus - tice, Is
men; And God, who hates op - pres - sion, Shall
be, As one in toil and wrong, men, So

sure to win the fight. }
give the right a - gain. } Then sing with all your
one in Li - ber - ty. }

strength, boys, Let all men hear your song, 'Tis

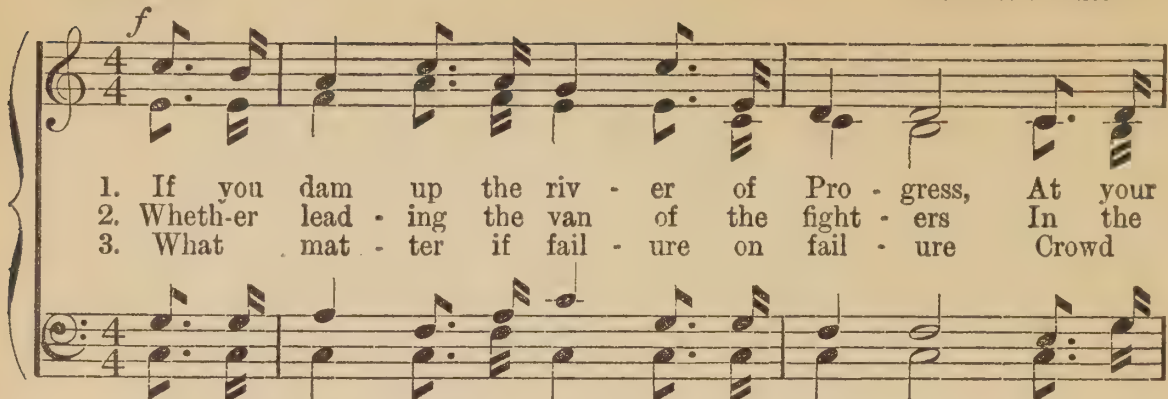
U - nion makes us free men, 'Tis free - dom makes us strong.

No. 7. THE HOPE OF THE AGES.

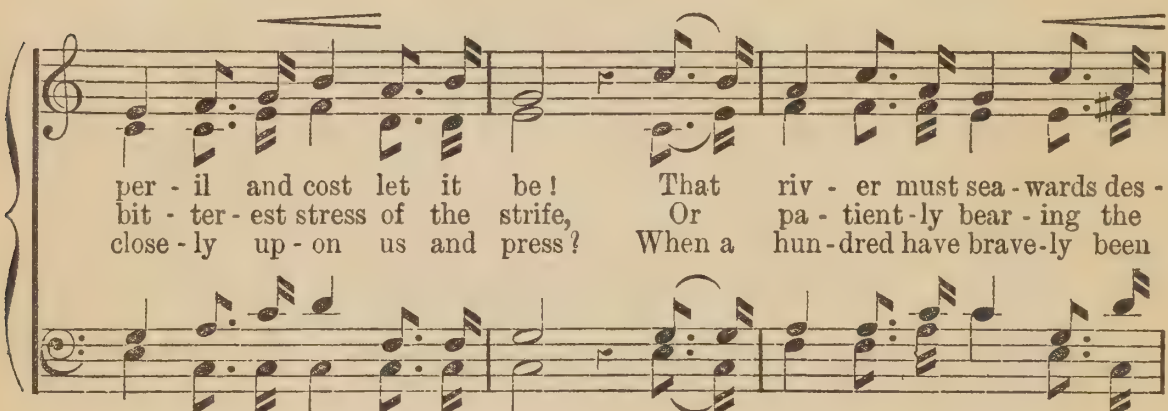
E. NESBIT.

GEORGIA PEARCE.

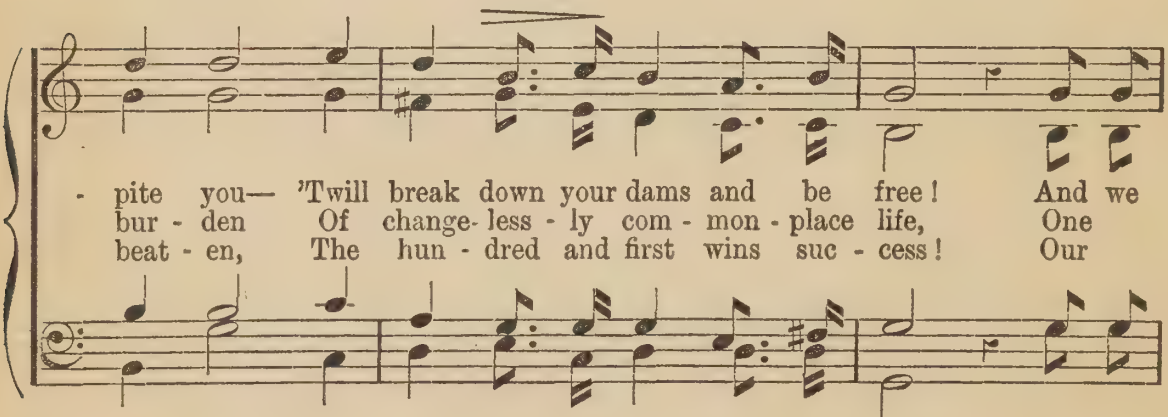
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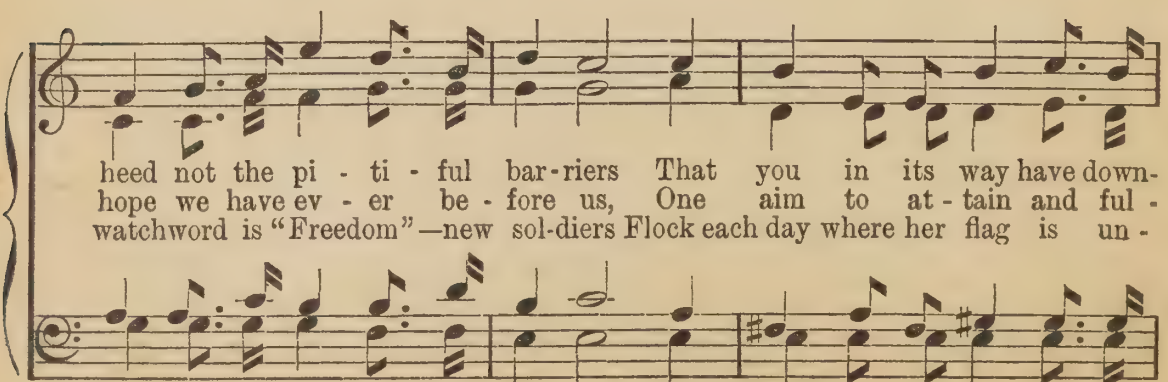
1. If you dam up the riv - er of Pro - gress, At your
 2. Wheth - er lead - ing the van of the fight - ers In the
 3. What mat - ter if fail - ure on fail - ure Crowd



per - il and cost let it be! That riv - er must sea - wards des -
 bit - ter - est stress of the strife, Or pa - tient - ly bear - ing the
 close - ly up - on us and press? When a hun - dred have brave - ly been



- pite you— 'Twill break down your dams and be free! And we
 bur - den Of change - less - ly com - mon - place life, One
 beat - en, The hun - dred and first wins suc - cess! Our



heed not the pi - ti - ful bar - riers That you in its way have down -
 hope we have ev - er be - fore us, One aim to at - tain and ful -
 watchword is "Freedom"—new sol - diers Flock each day where her flag is un -

- cast ; For your ef - forts but add to the tor - rent Whose
 - fil, One watch-word we cher - ish to mark us One
 - furl'd, Our cry is the cry of the A - ges, Our

CHORUS.

flood must o'erwhelm you at last!
 kin-dred and brother-hood still! } For our ban-ner is raised and un -
 hope is the hope of the world!

- furl'd, At your head our de - fi - ance is hurled; Our

cry is the cry of the A - ges, Our hope is the hope of the World.

No. 8.

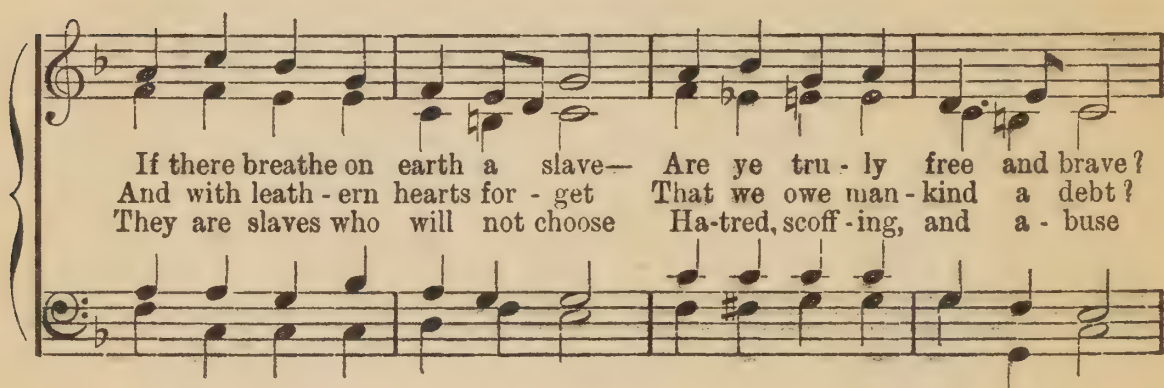
TRUE FREEDOM.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
March time.

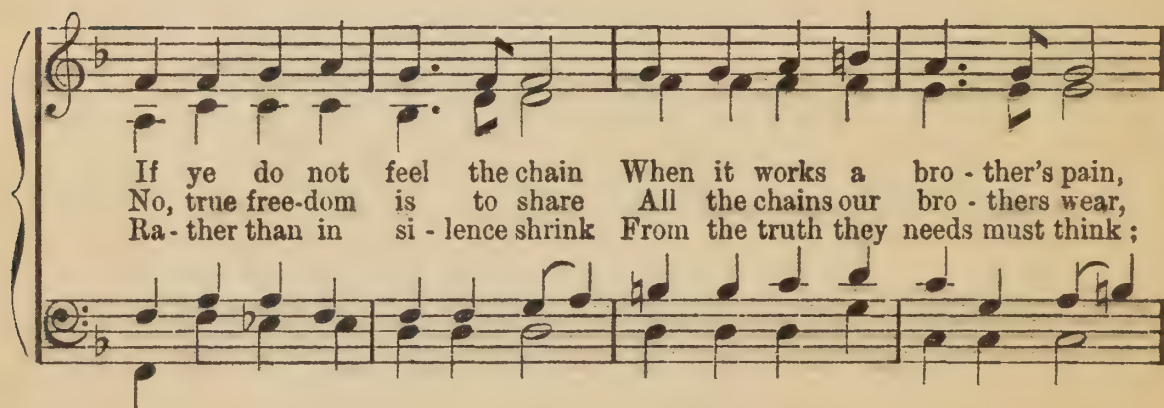
G. SHARP.



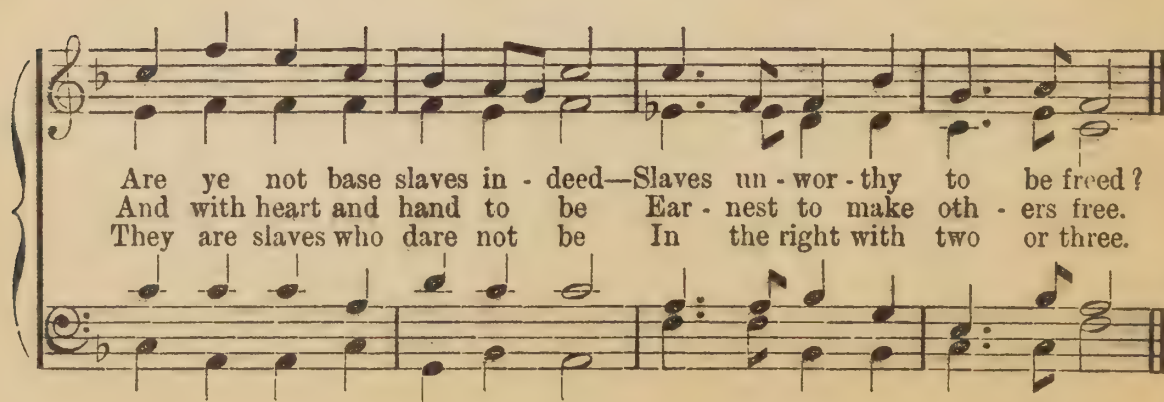
1. Men whose boast it is that ye Come of fa - thers brave and free,
2. Is true free - dom but to break Fet - ters for our own dear sake,
3. They are slaves who fear to speak For the fall - en and the weak;



If there breathe on earth a slave— Are ye tru - ly free and brave?
And with leath - ern hearts for - get That we owe man - kind a debt?
They are slaves who will not choose Ha - tred, scoff - ing, and a - buse



If ye do not feel the chain When it works a bro - ther's pain,
No, true free - dom is to share All the chains our bro - thers wear,
Ra - ther than in si - lence shrink From the truth they needs must think;

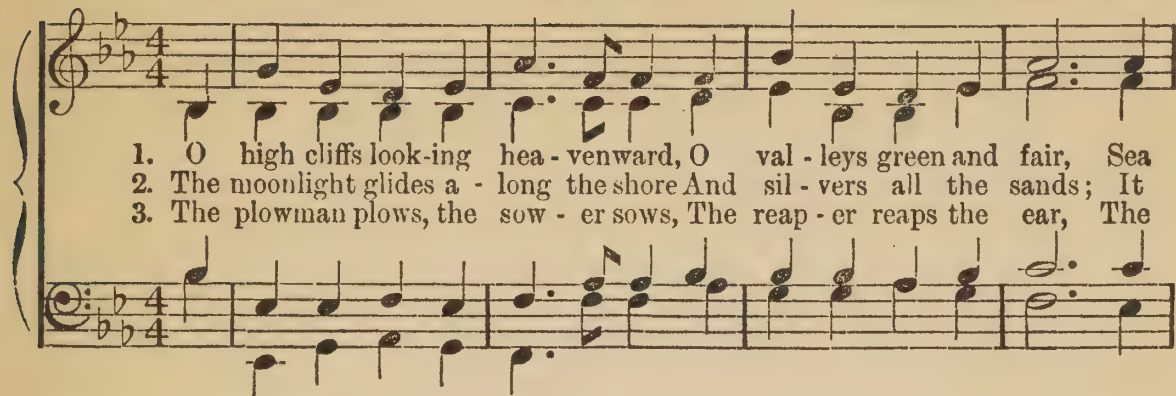


Are ye not base slaves in - deed—Slaves un - wor - thy to be freed?
And with heart and hand to be Ear - nest to make oth - ers free.
They are slaves who dare not be In the right with two or three.

No. 9. (1st Tune.) THE PEOPLE TO THEIR LAND.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

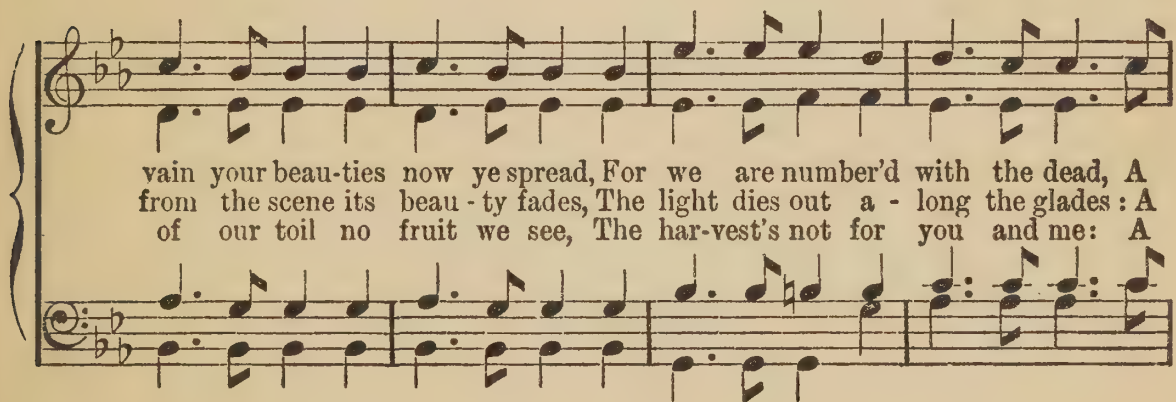
EDWARD CARPENTER.



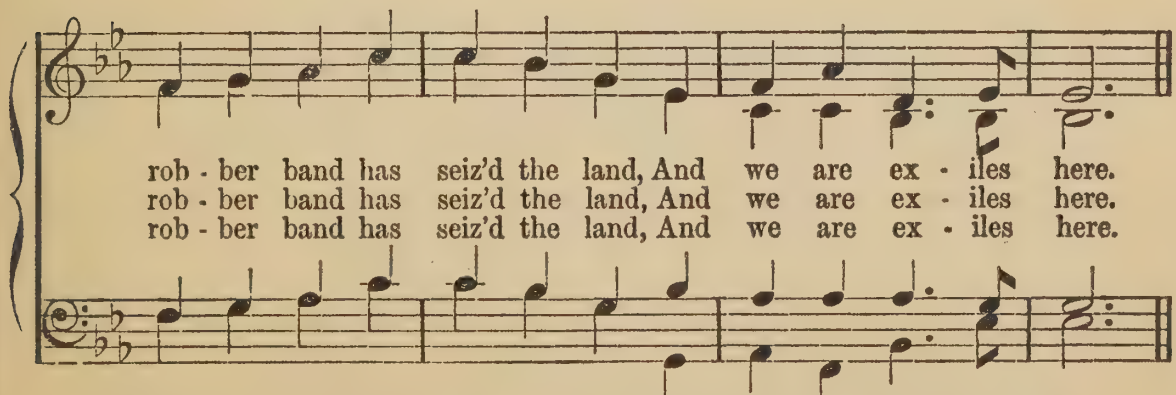
1. O high cliffs look-ing hea - venward, O val - leys green and fair, Sea
 2. The moonlight glides a - long the shore And sil - vers all the sands; It
 3. The plowman plows, the sow - er sows, The reap - er reaps the ear, The



cliffs that seem to gird and guard Our Is - land once so dear, In
 gleams on halls and cas - tles hoar, Built by our fa - thers' hands. But
 wood - man to the for - est goes Be - fore the day grows clear; But



vain your beau-ties now ye spread, For we are number'd with the dead, A
 from the scene its beau - ty fades, The light dies out a - long the glades: A
 of our toil no fruit we see, The har-vest's not for you and me: A



rob - ber band has seiz'd the land, And we are ex - iles here.
 rob - ber band has seiz'd the land, And we are ex - iles here.
 rob - ber band has seiz'd the land, And we are ex - iles here.

4 The cattle in the sun may lie,
 The fox by night may roam,
 The lark may sing all day on high
 Between its heaven and home;


But we have no place here, to die
 Is the one right we need not buy:
 Then high to heaven our vows be given,
 We'll have our land or die.

No. 9. (2nd Tune.)

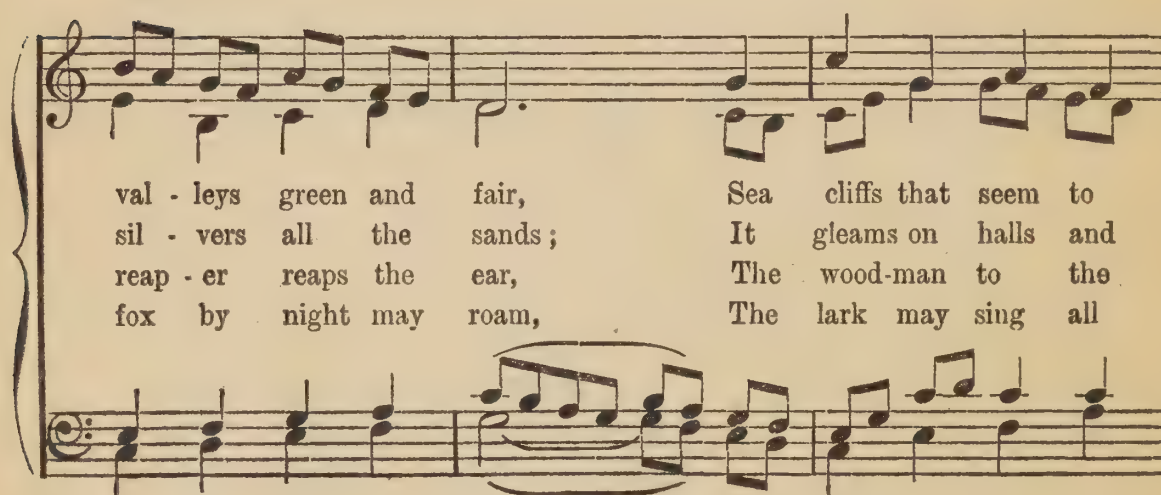
THE PEOPLE TO THEIR LAND.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

RUTLAND BOUGHTON.



1. O high cliffs look - ing hea - ven - ward, O
 2. The moon - light glides a - long the shore And
 3. The plow - man plows, the sow - er sows, The
 4. The cat - tle in the sun may lie, The



val - leys green and fair, Sea cliffs that seem to
 sil - vers all the sands; It gleams on halls and
 reap - er reaps the ear, The wood - man to the
 fox by night may roam, The lark may sing all



gird and guard Our Is - land home so dear, In
 cas - tles hoar, Built by our fa - thers' hands. But
 for - est goes Be - fore the day grows clear; But
 day on high Be - tween its heaven and home; But

vain your beau - ties now ye spread, For we are num - ber'd
 from the scene its beau - ty fades, The light dies out a -
 of our toil no fruit we see, The har - vest's not for
 we have no place here, to die Is the one right we

Verses 1, 2, 3.

A rob-ber band has seized our land,
 with the dead, And
 long the glades: A rob-ber band has seized our land, And
 you and me: And
 need not buy:
 A rob - ber band

Last Verse.

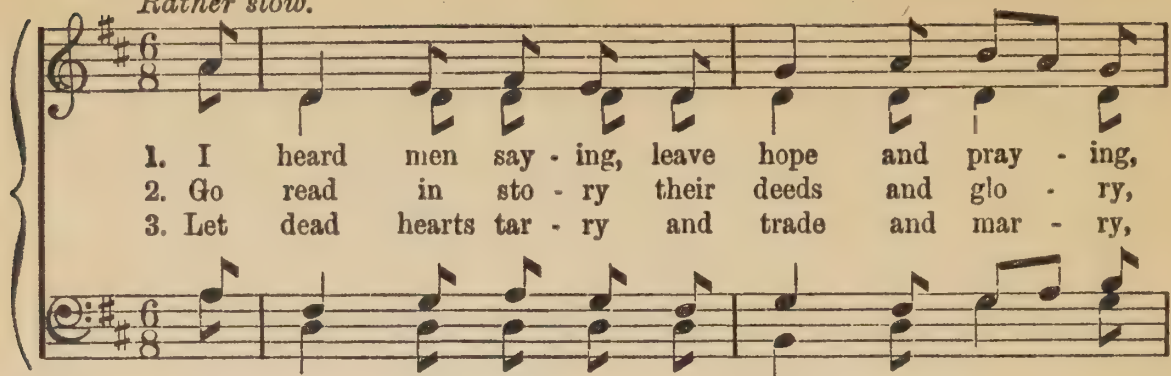
we are ex - iles here. Then high to heaven our
 vows be given, We'll have our land or die.

No. 10. THE VOICE OF TOIL.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

RUTLAND BOUGHTON.

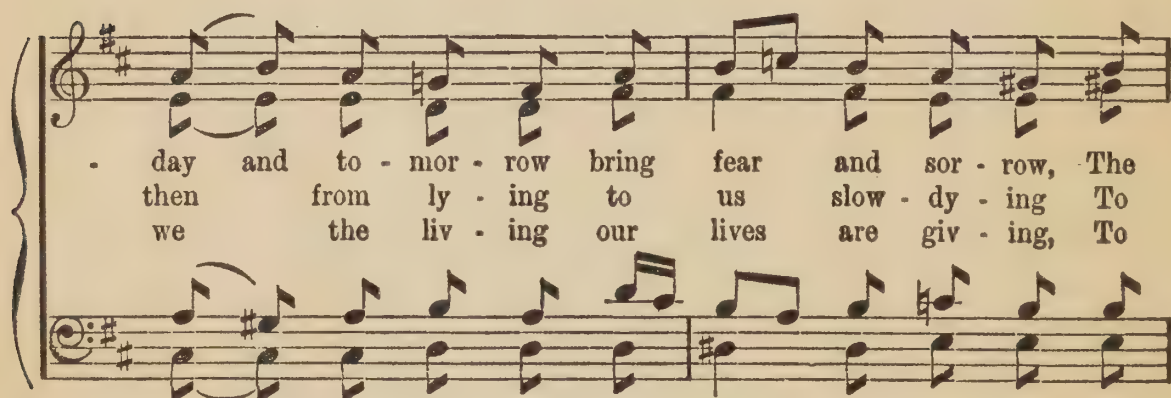
Rather slow.



1. I heard men say - ing, leave hope and pray - ing,
 2. Go read in sto - ry their deeds and glo - ry,
 3. Let dead hearts tar - ry and trade and mar - ry,



All days shall be as all have been ; To -
 Their names a - midst the name - less dead ; Turn
 And trem - bling nurse their dreams of mirth, While



- day and to - mor - row bring fear and sor - row, The
 then from ly - ing to us slow - dy - ing To
 we the liv - ing our lives are giv - ing, To



nev - er end - ing toil be - tween. When
 that good world to which they led ; Where
 bring the bright new world to birth. Come,

earth was young - er, 'mid toil and hun - ger, In
fast and fast - er our ir - on mas - ter, The
shoulder to shoul - der, ere the earth grows old - er! The

hope we strove, and our hands were strong; Then
thing we made for ev - er drives, Bids
Cause spreads o - ver land and sea; Now

great men led us, with words they fed us, And
us grind trea - sure and fash - ion plea - sure, For
the world shak - eth, and fear a - wak - eth, And

bade us right the earth - ly wrong.....
oth - er hopes and oth - er lives.....
joy at last for thee and me.....

No. 11. HEY FOR THE DAY!

TOM MAGUIRE.
Marcato. *pp*

M. M. FAULKNER.

1. Dark - est is night, We do not fear; Dawn - ing is near...
2. Ours is the day— We shall move on, Fear - ful of none Who'd

cres.
Soon shall we see light Morn - ing all bright Burst in - to sight;...
fain see us fall. Lest the world stray, Lead us the way To

CHORUS.
There shall be light Where gloom used to be. } Then hey for the day! When
free - dom for aye And free - dom for all.

wrong shall have flown For ev - er a - way, To be nev - er more known; When

o - ver the land The cause shall command : Sing hey, sing hey, for the dawn of day!

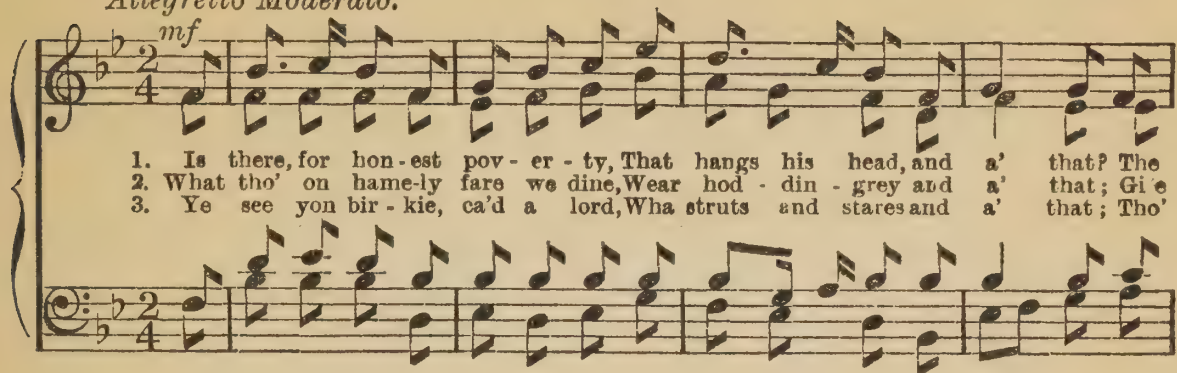
No. 12. A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

ROBERT BURNS.

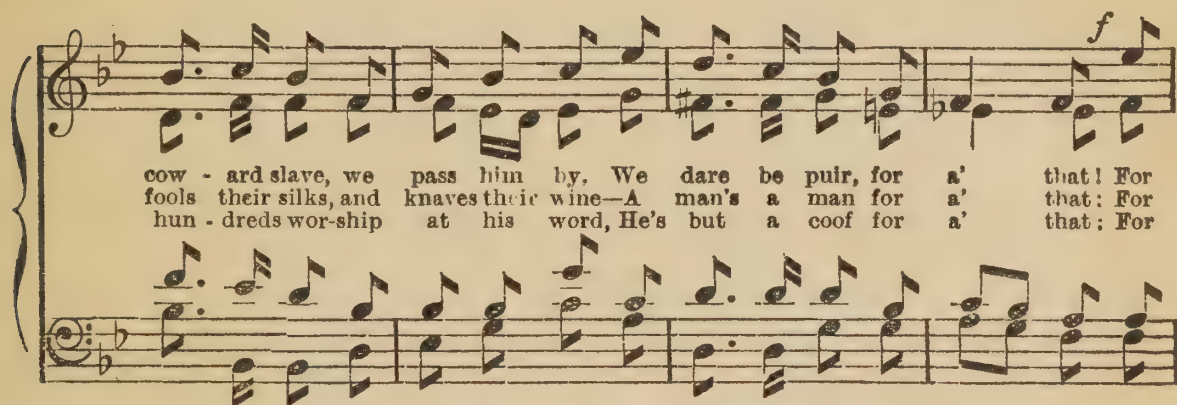
Scotch Air.

Allegretto Moderato.

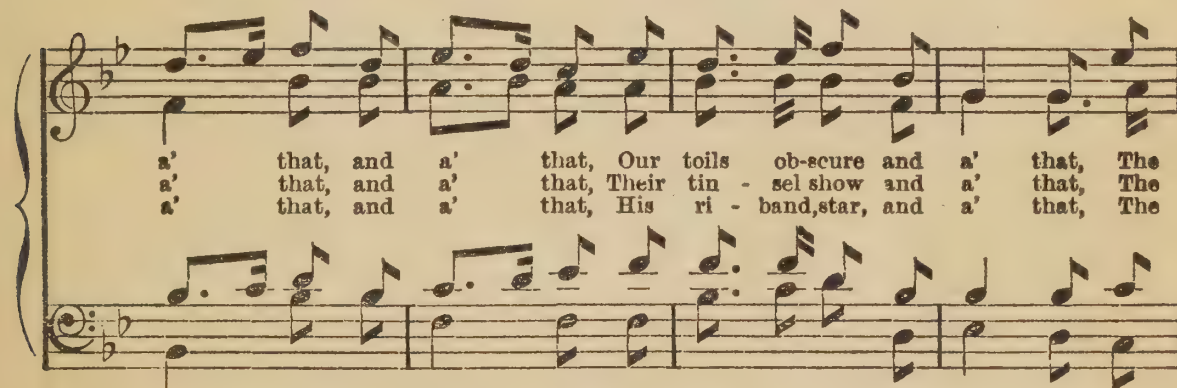
mf



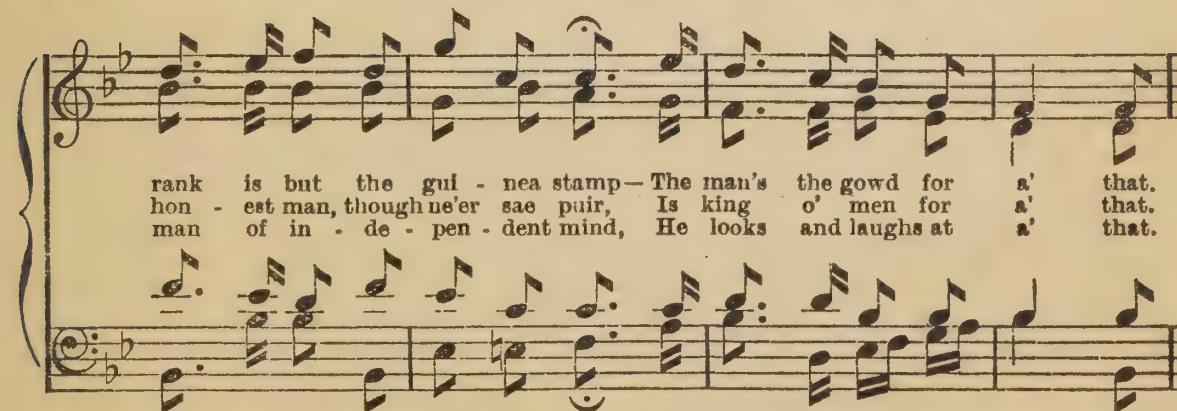
1. Is there, for hon-est pov-er-ty, That hangs his head, and a' that? The
 2. What tho' on hame-ly fare we dine, Wear hod-din-grey and a' that; Gi'e
 3. Ye see yon bir-kie, ca'd a lord, Wha struts and stares and a' that; Tho'



cow-ard slave, we pass him by. We dare be puir, for a' that! For
 fools their silks, and knaves their wine—A man's a man for a' that: For
 hun-dreds worship at his word, He's but a coof for a' that: For



a' that, and a' that, Our toils ob-scure and a' that, The
 a' that, and a' that, Their tin-sel show and a' that, The
 a' that, and a' that, His ri-band, star, and a' that, The



rank is but the gui-ne-a stamp—The man's the gowd for a' that.
 hon-est man, though ne'er sae puir, Is king o' men for a' that.
 man of in-de-pen-dent mind, He looks and laughs at a' that.

4 A king can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities and a' that,
 The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

5 Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree and a' that.
 For a' that and a' that—
 It's comin' yet, for a' that,
 When man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brithers be for a' that.

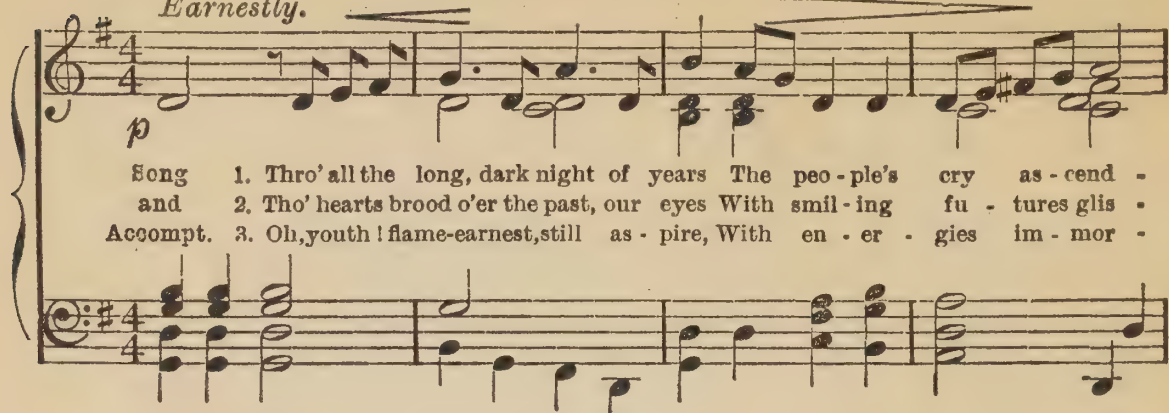
No. 13. THROUGH ALL THE LONG DARK NIGHT.

GERALD MASSEY.

Earnestly.

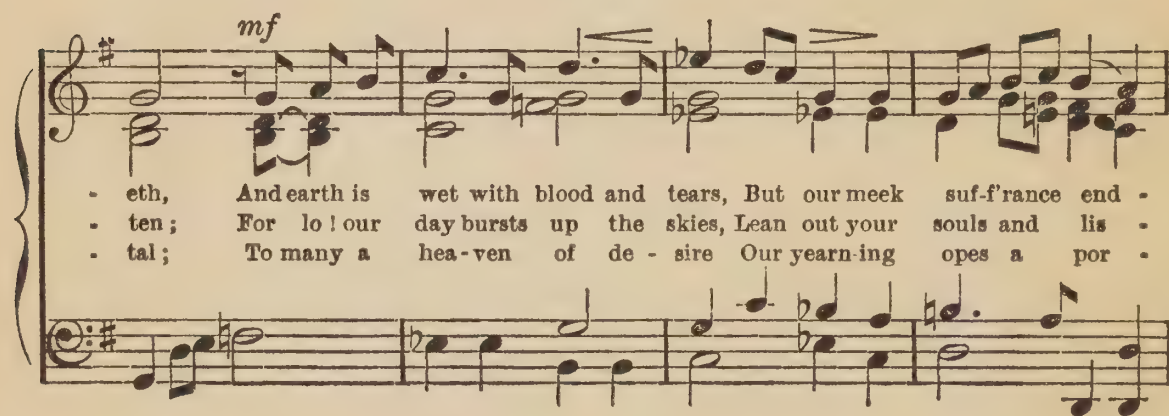
WILLIAM PLATT.

p



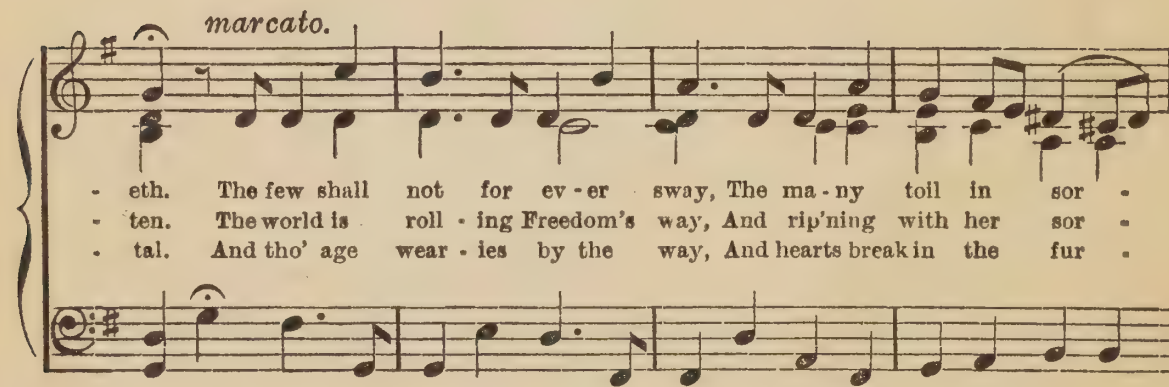
Song 1. Thro' all the long, dark night of years The peo - ple's cry as - cend -
and 2. Tho' hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes With smil - ing fu - tures glis -
Accomp't. 3. Oh, youth! flame-earnest, still as - pire, With en - er - gies im - mor -

mf



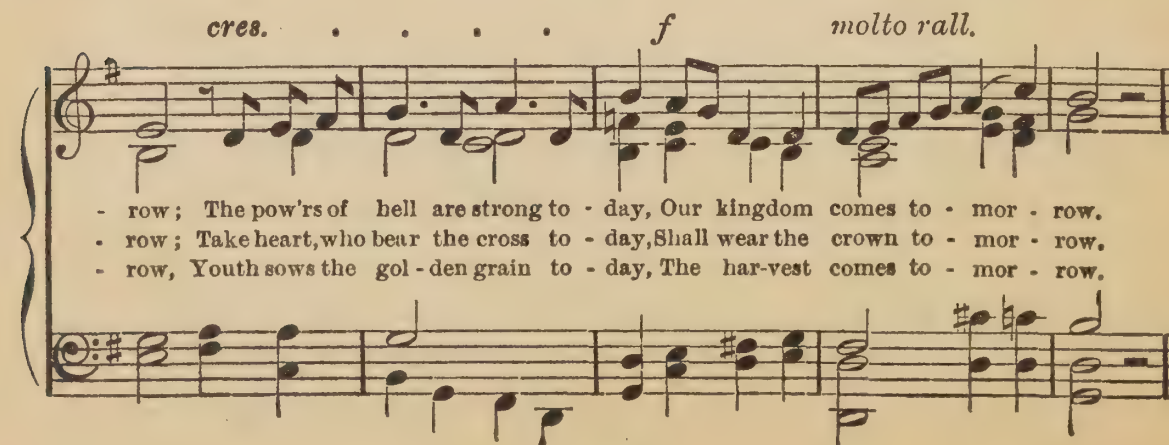
- eth, And earth is wet with blood and tears, But our meek suf - france end -
- ten; For lo! our day bursts up the skies, Lean out your souls and lis -
- tal; To many a hea - ven of de - sire Our yearning opes a por -

marcato.



- eth. The few shall not for ev - er sway, The ma - ny toil in sor -
- ten. The world is roll - ing Freedom's way, And rip'ning with her sor -
- tal. And tho' age wear - ies by the way, And hearts break in the fur -

cres. . . . *f* *molto rall.*



- row; The pow'rs of hell are strong to - day, Our kingdom comes to - mor - row.
- row; Take heart, who bear the cross to - day, Shall wear the crown to - mor - row.
- row, Youth sows the gol - den grain to - day, The har - vest comes to - mor - row.

No. 14. THE IDEAL STATE.

SIR W. JONES.

EDGAR BAINTON.

With immense vigour.

1. What con - sti - tutes a state ? Not high - raised
2. Not bays and broad - armed ports, Where, laugh - ing
3. No ; men, high - mind - ed men, With powers as

bat - tle - ments or la - boured mounds,
at the storm, rich na - vies ride ;
far a - bove dull brutes en - dued,

Thick wall or moat - ed gate ; Not ci - ties
Not starred and span - gled courts, Where low - born
In fo - rest, brake, or den, As beasts ex -

proud, with spires and tur - rets crowned :
base - ness wafts per - fume to pride :
cel - cold rocks and bram - bles rude ;

4 Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain ;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain.

No. 15. RAISE YOUR STANDARD, BROTHERS.

GUSTAV SPILLER.

E. JOSEPHINE TROUP.

With vigour.

f *>* *>* *>* *>* *sf*

1. Raise your stand - ard, bro - thers, High - er still and
2. Work for man's sal - va - tion, Work with might and
3. Rest not till with - in you Strength of vir - tue

>

higher ! Let the thought of jus - tice
main ; Lift the poor and fall - en
grow, Till with streams of kind - ness

All your deeds in - spire ! Let your eyes be
To a high - er plane ; Purge from law and
Heart and mind o'er - flow, Till a sense of

kind - ling with a love - lit fire !
cus - tom Each and ev - 'ry stain.
kin - dred Bind both high and low.

mp

Vir - tue for our ar - mour, Jus - tice for our sword,

cres.

Hu - man love our mas - ter, Hu - man love our lord,

So shall we be march - ing, Fight - ing in ac - cord.

4.

Fight till you have silenced
 All the rebel throng,
 Silenced lawless passions
 Luring men to wrong—
 Fight till all things human
 To the Right belong.

Virtue for our armour,
 Justice for our sword,
 Human love our master,
 Human love our lord,
 So shall we be marching,
 Fighting in accord.

No. 16. TOILERS OF THE NATIONS.

JOHN GLASSE.

WILLIAM PLATT.

Con spirito.

1. Toil - ers of the na - tions, Think - ers of the
 2. Seam - stress in the ho - vel, Wo - men of the
 3. Toil ye now no long - er For an - oth - er's

time, Sound the note of bat - tle
 mill, Low in - deed ye gro - vel,
 gain, While our wives and chil - dren

Loud thro' ev - 'ry clime..... March ye
 Tame ye are and still,..... Come like
 Pine in want and pain :... Slaves we've

'gainst the ty - rants, Heed - less of their steel ;
 the War - maid - ens, Beau - teous in your might ;
 been and cow - ards ; But the night is o'er—

Be a band of bro - thers, Speed the com - mor
Sing ye songs of va - lour, Nerve us for the
Up, then, with the morn - ing, Weep and sigh no

CHORUS. *Marcia.*

f
weal!
fight! } On - ward! friends of Free - dom,
more! }

On - ward! for the strife: Each for all we

stru - gle, One in death and life.....

4 Come, then, worn and weary,
Come, then, stout and brave,
Join this noble army
Sworn this land to save.

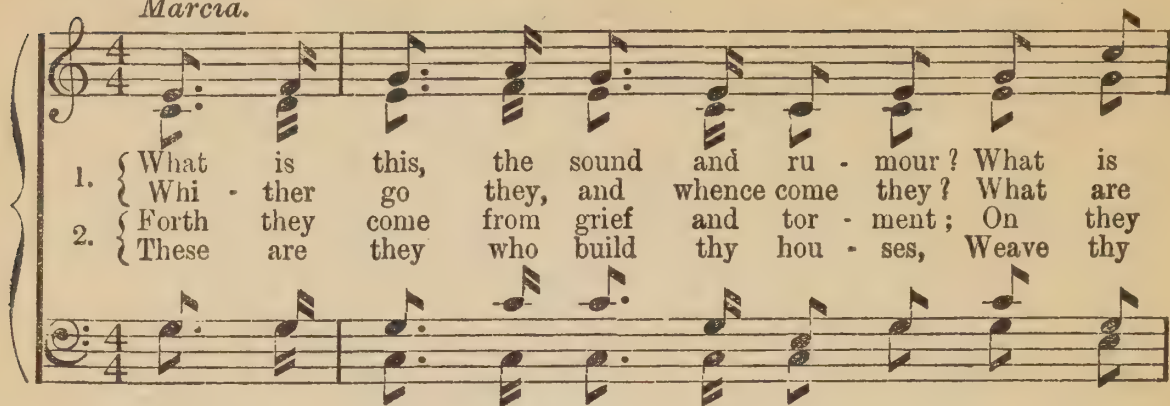
From the power of tyrants,
From the curse of greed;
Down with the Destroyer!
Crush the Serpent's seed!

No. 17. MARCH OF THE WORKERS.

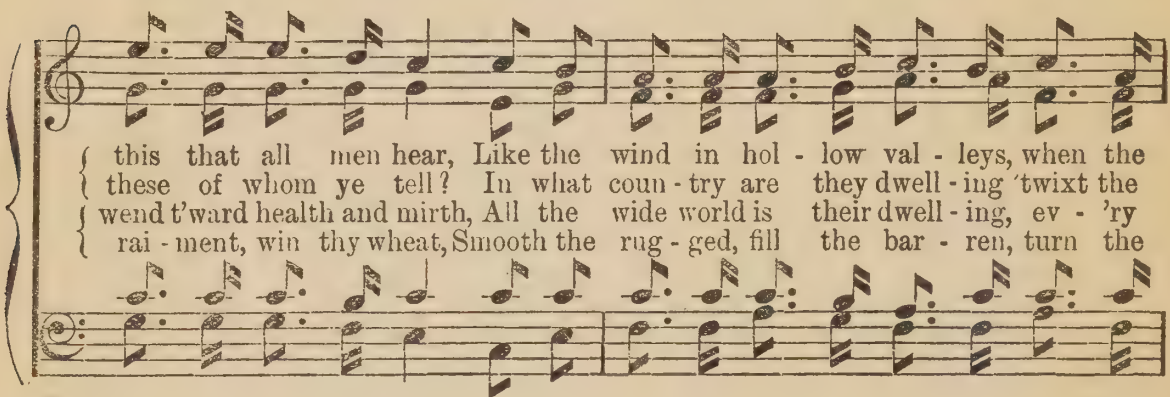
WILLIAM MORRIS.

American Air.

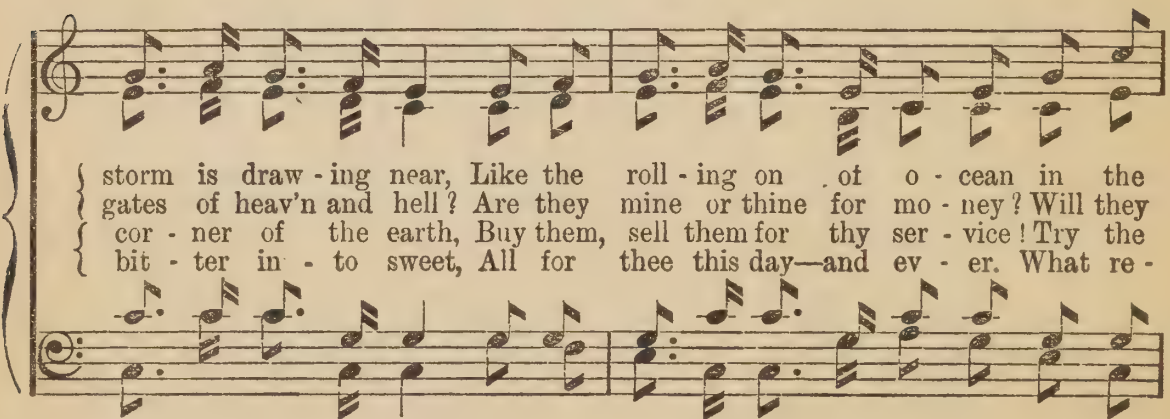
Marcia.



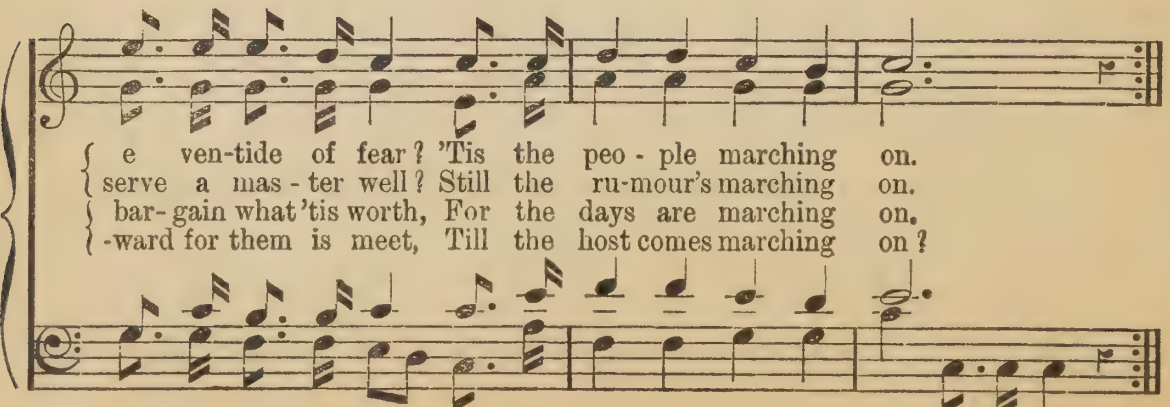
1. { What is this, the sound and ru - mour? What is
 { Whi - ther go they, and whence come they? What are
 2. { Forth they come from grief and tor - ment; On they
 { These are they who build thy hou - ses, Weave thy



{ this that all men hear, Like the wind in hol - low val - leys, when the
 { these of whom ye tell? In what coun - try are they dwell - ing 'twixt the
 { wend t'ward health and mirth, All the wide world is their dwell - ing, ev - 'ry
 { rai - ment, win thy wheat, Smooth the rug - ged, fill the bar - ren, turn the



{ storm is draw - ing near, Like the roll - ing on of o - cean in the
 { gates of heav'n and hell? Are they mine or thine for mo - ney? Will they
 { cor - ner of the earth, Buy them, sell them for thy ser - vice! Try the
 { bit - ter in - to sweet, All for thee this day—and ev - er. What re -



{ e ven-tide of fear? 'Tis the peo - ple marching on.
 { serve a mas - ter well? Still the ru - mour's marching on.
 { bar - gain what 'tis worth, For the days are marching on.
 { -ward for them is meet, Till the host comes marching on?

Marching on.

f

Hark! the roll - ing of the thun - - der!

March - ing, march - ing, march - ing, march - ing,

Lo, the sun! and lo, there - un - der

Ris - eth wrath and hope and

marching, march - ing, marching, marching.

won - der, And the host comes march - ing on.

3.

Many a hundred years passed over have they laboured deaf and blind;
 Never tidings reached their sorrow, never hope their toil might find;
 Now at last they've heard and hear it, and the cry comes down the wind,
 And their feet are marching on.

O, ye rich men, hear and tremble! for with words the sound is rife:
 "Once for you and death we laboured! changed henceforward is the strife;
 We are men, and we shall battle for the world of men and life,
 And our host is marching on."
 Hark! the rolling, &c.

4.

"It is war, then? Will you perish as the dry wood in the fire?
 Is it peace? Then be ye of us, let your hope be our desire,
 Come and live! for life awaketh, and the world shall never tire;
 And the hope is marching on."

"On we march, then, we the workers, and the rumour that ye hear
 Is the blended sound of battle and deliverance drawing near;
 For the hope of every creature is the banner that we bear,
 And the world is marching on."
 Hark! the rolling, &c.

No. 18. THE APPROACHING DAY.

JOHN LESLIE.

GEORGIA PEARCE.

Allegro con spirito.

Song 1. 'Tis com - ing, the glo - ri - ous dawn of the morn - ing, And
and 2. My com - rades, the tears and the sor - rows of a - ges Have
Accompt. 3. 'Tis com - ing at last! in the blaze of its splen - dour We'll

dark - ness is shrinking a - way from our earth; And men all the er - rors of
brought us the joy of the fast - com - ing light. The blood of our mar - tyrs, our
know what so long has been hid from our ken; And the Cause we all love calls up -

a - ges are scorning. The long night of sor - row, of dan - ger and de - ath Gives
he - roes and sa - ges, Was shed for our vic - to - ry in the fight. So we'll
on us to ren - der Earth's dumb - driv - en slaves in - to na - tions of men! Raise the

place to the sun - rise of Free - dom, so splen - did, So bright, so re - ful - gent—its
swear by our dead that the cause we in - her - it We'll cher - ish un - spot - ted and
Red Flag a - bove us; the ban - ner of Free - dom, The em - blem of Right; tho' the

life-giv - ing ray Tells the reign and the might of Do - min - ion has en - ded, And
 stain-less al - way; And tho' death be our meed, yet un - daunt-ed we'll dare it Till the
 fear-strick-en may Shrink back from the on - set; yet why should we heed 'em! Our

all the foul wrongs that for aye it at - ten - ded, Like
 ful - ness of time brings the mea - sure of mer - it, And
 hosts they will nev - er want brave hearts to lead 'em To

phan - toms of night they are pass-ing a - way; In love and in knowledge all
 La - bour stands armed in bat - tle ar - ray; We'll prove we are heirs of the
 tri - umph, thro' storm and thun - der and fray; And the weak-ness of fear, it would

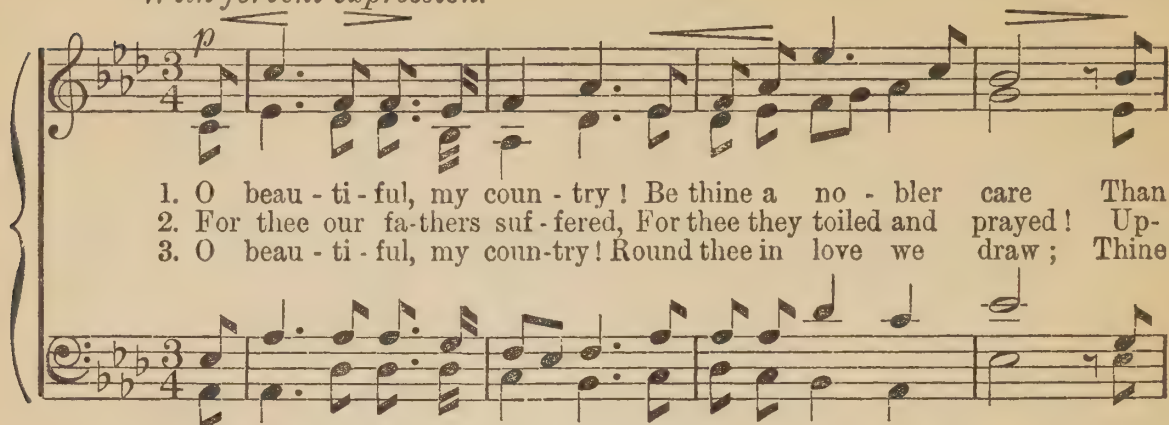
hearts will be blend-ed When we stand in the light of ap - proach - ing day.
 heart and the spir - it That died for the light of ap - proach - ing day.
 on - ly im - pede 'em Who fight for the light of ap - proach - ing day.

No. 19. O BEAUTIFUL, MY COUNTRY.

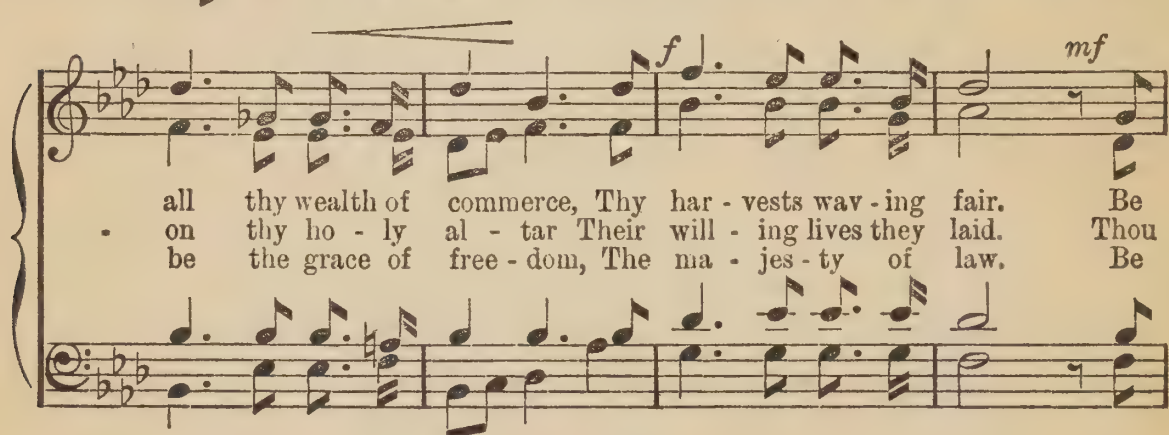
F. L. HOSMER.

EDGAR BAINTON.

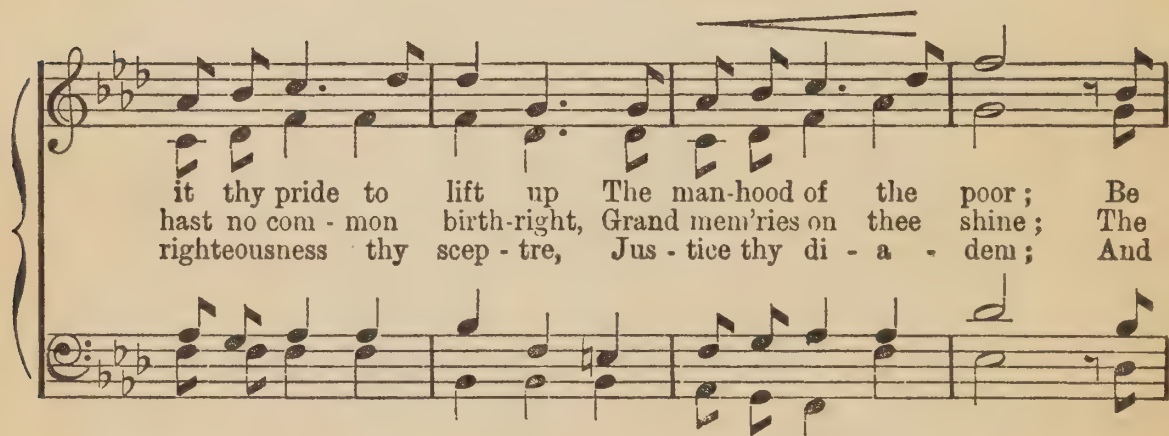
With fervent expression.



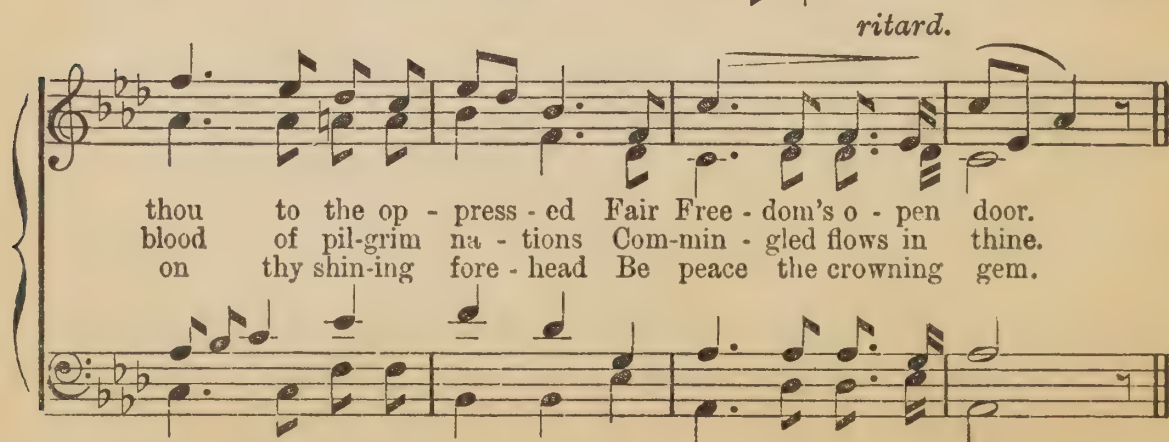
1. O beau-ti-ful, my coun-try! Be thine a no-bler care Than
2. For thee our fa-ters suf-fered, For thee they toiled and prayed! Up-
3. O beau-ti-ful, my coun-try! Round thee in love we draw; Thine



all thy wealth of commerce, Thy har-vests wav-ing fair. Be
on thy ho-ly al-tar Their will-ing lives they laid. Thou
be the grace of free-dom, The ma-jes-ty of law. Be



it thy pride to lift up The man-hood of the poor; Be
hast no com-mon birth-right, Grand mem'ries on thee shine; The
righteousness thy sceptre, Jus-tice thy di-a-dem; And



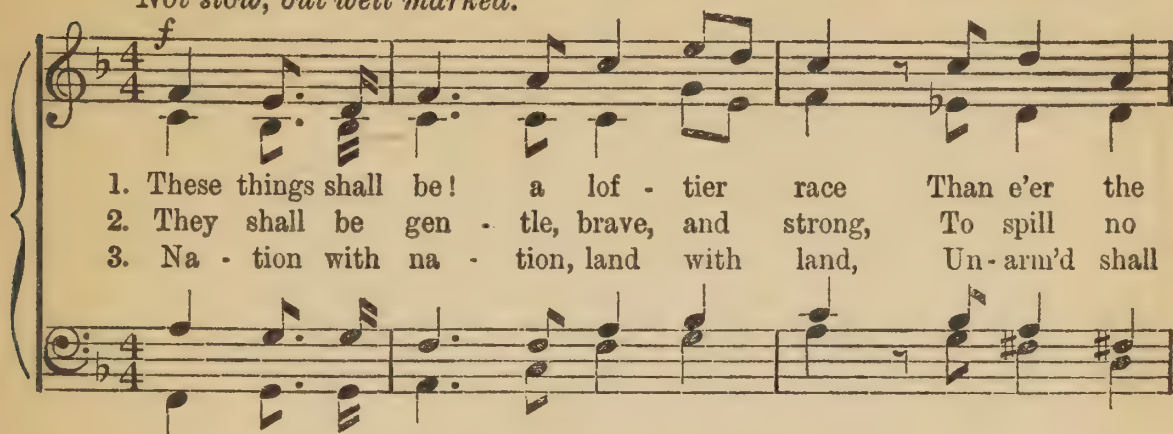
thou to the op-press-ed Fair Free-dom's o-pen door.
blood of pil-grim na-tions Com-min-gled flows in thine.
on thy shin-ing fore-head Be peace the crowning gem.

No. 20. THESE THINGS SHALL BE.

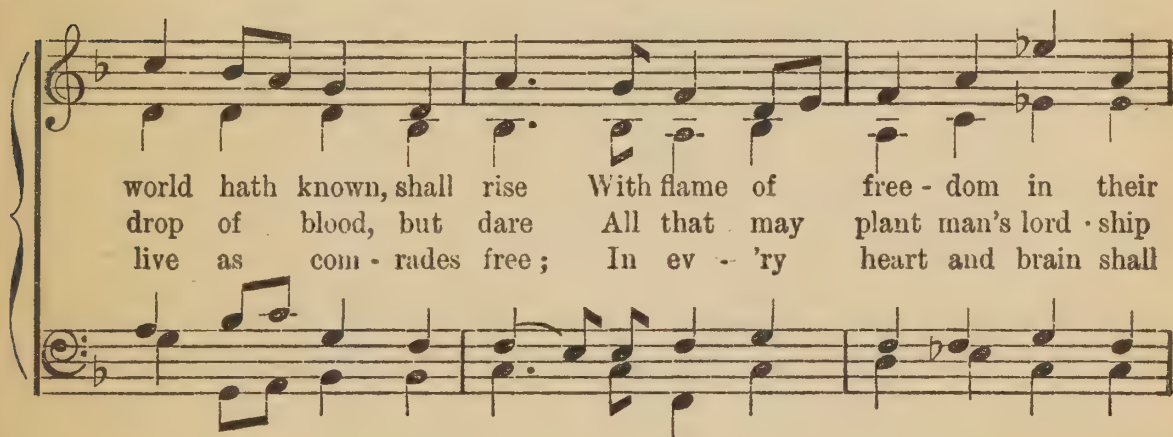
JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

GEORGIA PEARCE.

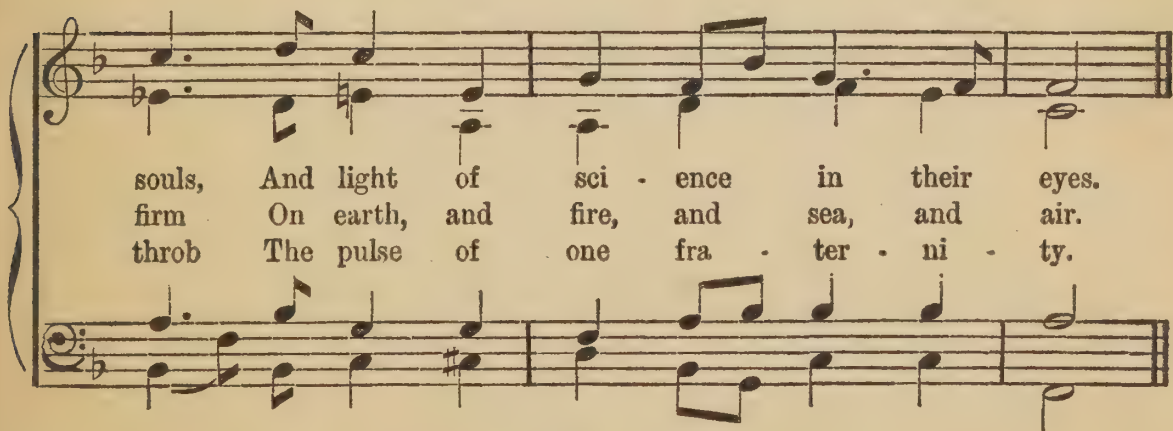
Not slow, but well marked.



1. These things shall be! a loftier race Than e'er the
2. They shall be gentle, brave, and strong, To spill no
3. Nation with nation, land with land, Un-arm'd shall



world hath known, shall rise With flame of free-dom in their
drop of blood, but dare All that may plant man's lord-ship
live as comrades free; In ev-'ry heart and brain shall



souls, And light of sci-ence in their eyes.
firm On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.
throb The pulse of one fra-ter-ni-ty.

4.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

5.

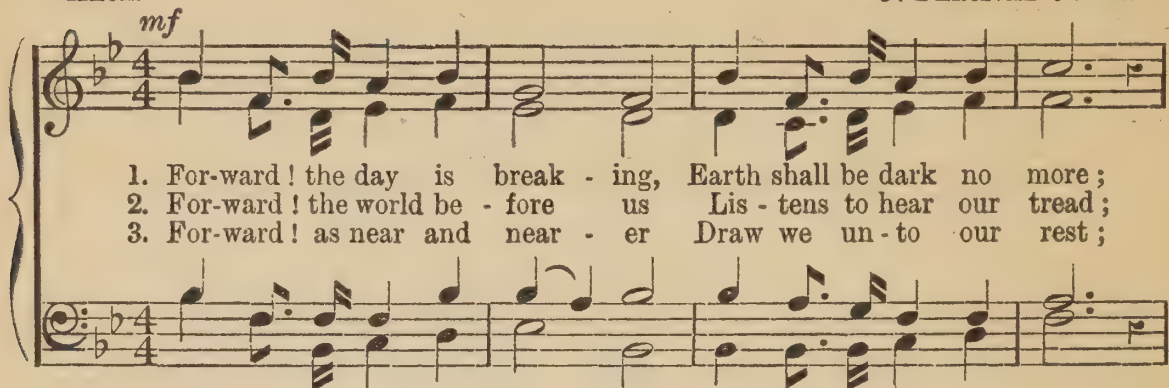
These things—they are no dreams—shall be
For happier men when we are gone:
Those golden days for them shall dawn,
Transcending aught we gaze upon.

No. 21. FORWARD! THE DAY IS BREAKING.

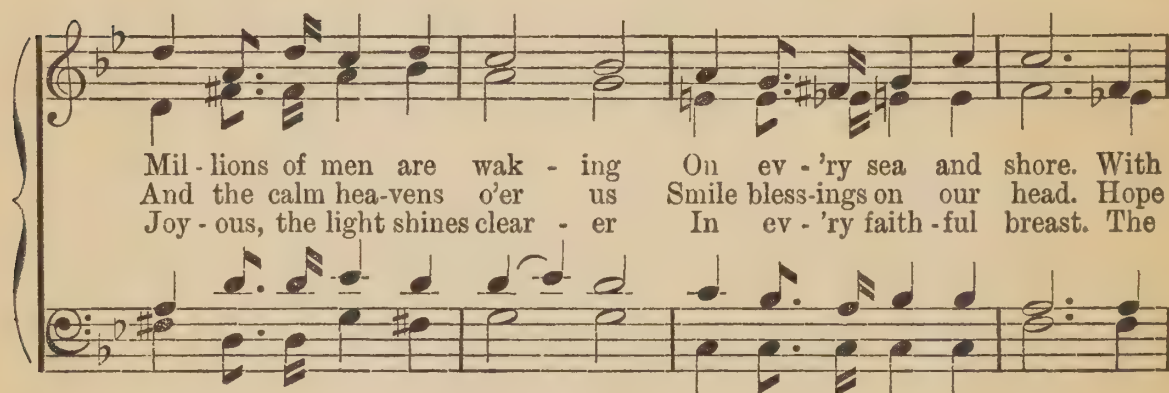
Anon.

J. PERCIVAL JONES.

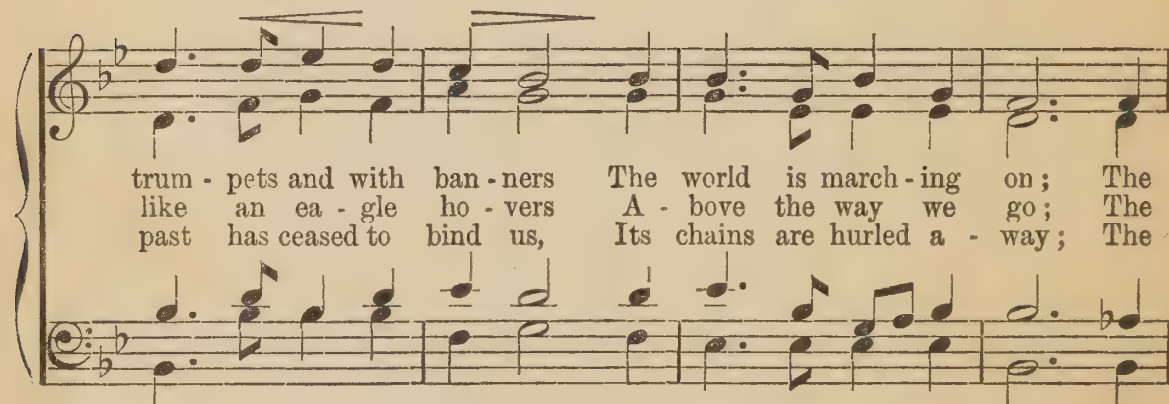
mf



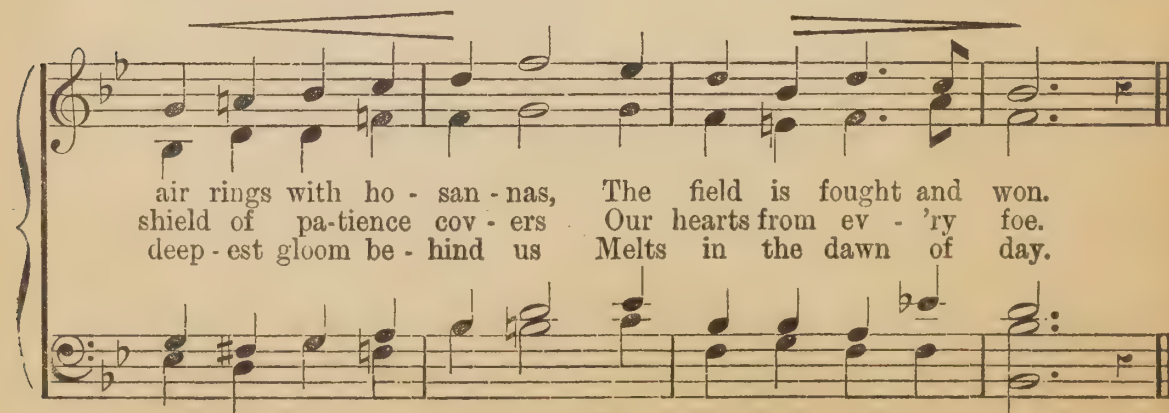
1. For-ward! the day is break - ing, Earth shall be dark no more;
2. For-ward! the world be - fore us Lis - tens to hear our tread;
3. For-ward! as near and near - er Draw we un - to our rest;



Mil - lions of men are wak - ing On ev - 'ry sea and shore. With
And the calm hea - vens o'er us Smile bless - ings on our head. Hope
Joy - ous, the light shines clear - er In ev - 'ry faith - ful breast. The



trum - pets and with ban - ners The world is march - ing on; The
like an ea - gle ho - vers A - bove the way we go; The
past has ceased to bind us, Its chains are hurled a - way; The



air rings with ho - san - nas, The field is fought and won.
shield of pa - tience cov - ers Our hearts from ev - 'ry foe.
deep - est gloom be - hind us Melts in the dawn of day.

No. 22. SONS OF LABOUR.

J. MACLEAY PEACOCK.

C. WARD ROCHESTER.

Briskly.

1. Sons of La - bour, keep ye mov - ing On - ward in the march of mind,
2. Sow good seed, that those who fol - low Fu - ture bless - ings yet may reap;
3. 'Mid the strifes and tri - bu - la - tions, Toils and trou - bles of the day,

Ev - 'ry step your path im - prov - ing, Leav - ing old - en tracts be - hind.
Joy re - sound o'er hill and hol - low, When we all have gone to sleep;
Free - dom speaks to stir the na - tions, Truth as - serts her sov - 'reign way.

Ev - 'ry soul - en - slav - ing fet - ter, Burst and break and cast a - way,.....
Gems of truth and knowledge gath - er, On the var - ied ways ye go;
On - ward, then, my toil - ing bro - thers, With the thought - ful and the true;

That the world may be the bet - ter For your needs some oth - er day.
Know the pre - sent is the fa - ther Of the fu - ture weal or woe.
Sis - ters, ye, as lov - ing moth - ers, Have the no - blest work to do.

4 Ever active, ever cheery,
Hope the burden of our song,
Let us help the weak and weary
On the way we move along.

Brighter days than we have seen yet,
Dawn upon our Babels old,
Changes greater than have been yet,
Time's vast ocean will unfold.

No. 23. THE TRULY GREAT.

Anon.

EDGAR L. BAINTON.

With great vigour, rather quickly.

1. There are hearts that nev-er fal-ter In the bat-tle for the right; There are
2. There are those whose lov-ing mis-sion Is to bind the bleed-ing heart, And to
3. There are those who beat down slan-der, En-vy, hat-red, and all wrong, Who would

ranks that nev-er al-ter, Watching thro' the dark-est night. And the
 teach us calm sub-mis-sion 'Neath the pain of sor-row's smart; They are
 ra-ther die than pan-der To the pas-sions of the strong; And no

ag-o-ny of shar-ing In the fierc-est of the strife On-ly
 an-gels to us bear-ing Love's rich min-is-try of peace, When the
 earth-ly power can crush them, They are con-quer-ors of fate; Nei-ther

gives a no-ble dar-ing, On-ly makes a grand-er life.
 night of death is near-ing, And life's bit-ter tri-als cease.
 fear nor fa-vour hush them—These a-lone are tru-ly great.

No. 24. PRAISE TO THE HEROES.

W. JOHNSON FOX.

GEORGIA PEARCE.

With enthusiasm.

1. Praise to the he - roes who struck for the right, When
 2. Praise to the mar - tyrs who died for the right, Nor
 3. Praise to the sa - ges, the teach - ers of right, Whose

free-dom and truth were de - fend - ed in fight ; Of blood-shedding hirelings the
 ev - er bow'd down to the bid - ding of might ; Their ash - es were cast all a -
 voice in the dark-ness said "Let there be light." The soph-ist may gain the re -

deeds are abhorred, But the pa - tri - ot smiles, and we hon - our his sword.
 - broad on the wind, But more wide - ly the bless - ings they won for man-kind.
 - nown of an hour ; But wis - dom is glo - ry, while know-ledge is power.

4.

Heroes, martyrs, and sages, true prophets of right !
 They foresaw, and they made man's futurity bright !
 Their fame will ascend till the world sink in flames :
 Be their spirit in all who sing praise to their names.

No. 25. RISE! FOR THE DAY IS PASSING.

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

GEORGIA PEARCE.

f

1. Rise! for the day is pass-ing, And you lie dream-ing on; The
 2. Rise! if the past de-tains you, Her sun-shine and storms for-get; No
 3. Rise! for the day is pass-ing, The sound that you scarce-ly hear Is the

dreaming on;
 storms forget;
 scarce-ly hear;

oth-ers have buck-led their ar-mour, And forth to the fight are gone: A
 chains so un-wor-thy to hold you, As those of a vain re-gret. Sad or
 en-e-my marching to bat-tle- A-rise! for the foe is here! Stay

place in the ranks a-waits you, Each man has some part to play, The
 bright she is life-less ev-er; Castherphan-tom arms a-way, Nor look
 not to sharpen your wea-pons, Or the hour will strike at last When, from

to play,
 a-way,
 at last

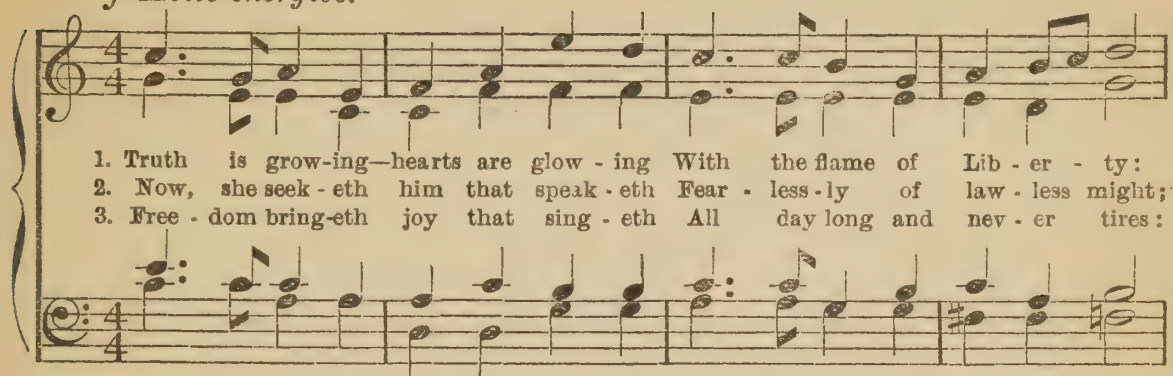
rall.

past and the fu-ture are no-thing In the face of the stern to-day!
 back, save to learn the les-son Of a no-bler strife to-day!
 dreams of a com-ing bat-tle, You may wake to find it past.

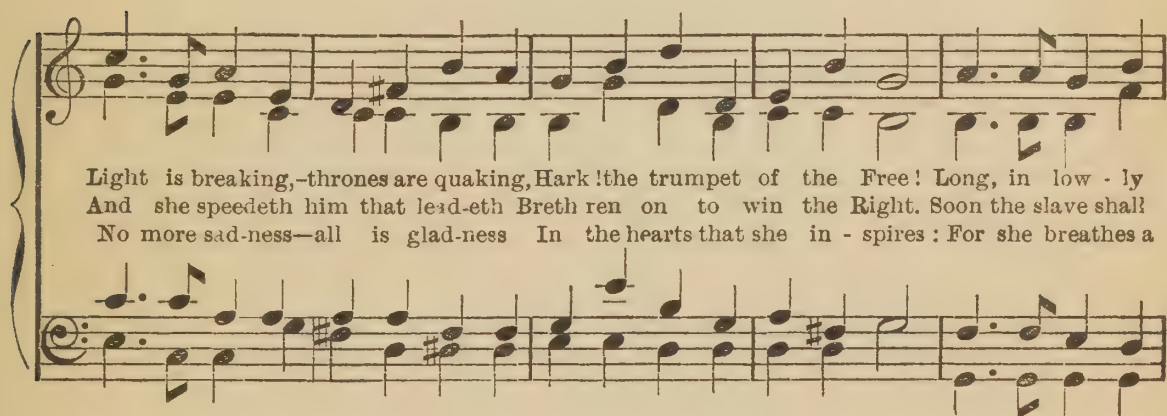
No. 26. (1st Tune.) TRUTH IS GROWING.

THOMAS COOPER.
f Molto energico.

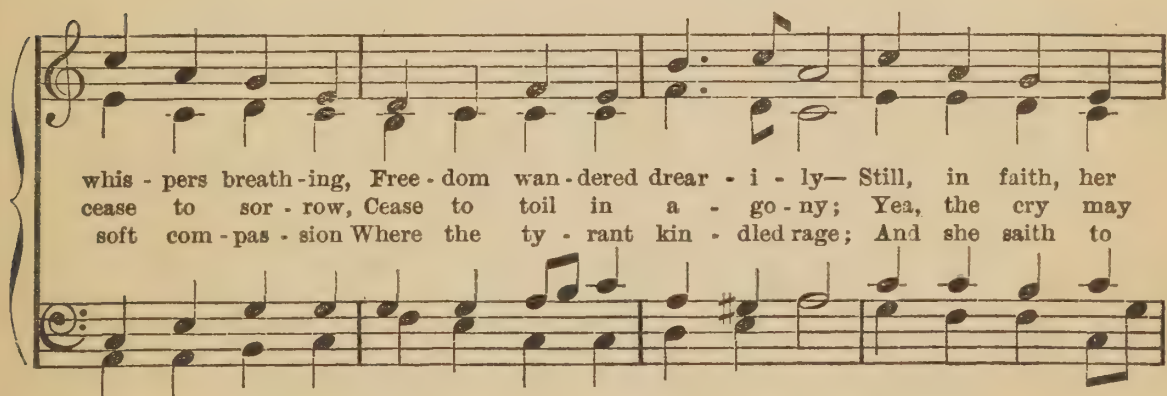
GRACE E. NEWSTEAD.



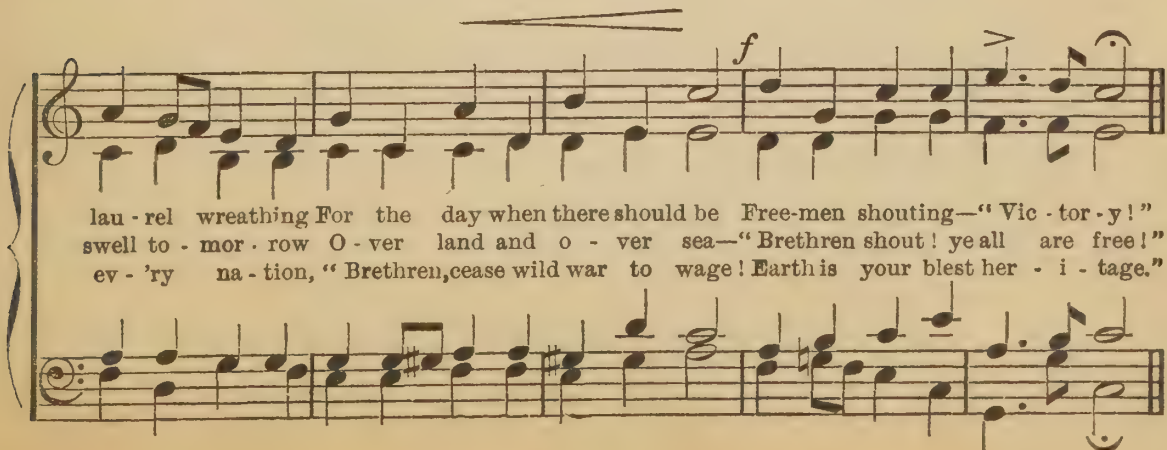
1. Truth is grow-ing—hearts are glow-ing With the flame of Lib-er-ty:
2. Now, she seek-eth him that speak-eth Fear-less-ly of law-less might;
3. Free-dom bring-eth joy that sing-eth All day long and nev-er tires:



Light is breaking,—thrones are quaking, Hark! the trumpet of the Free! Long, in low-ly
And she speedeth him that lead-eth Breth ren on to win the Right. Soon the slave shall
No more sad-ness—all is glad-ness In the hearts that she in-spires: For she breathes a



whis-pers breath-ing, Free-dom wan-dered drear-i-ly—Still, in faith, her
cease to sor-row, Cease to toil in a-go-ny; Yea, the cry may
soft com-pas-sion Where the ty-rant kin-dled rage; And she saith to



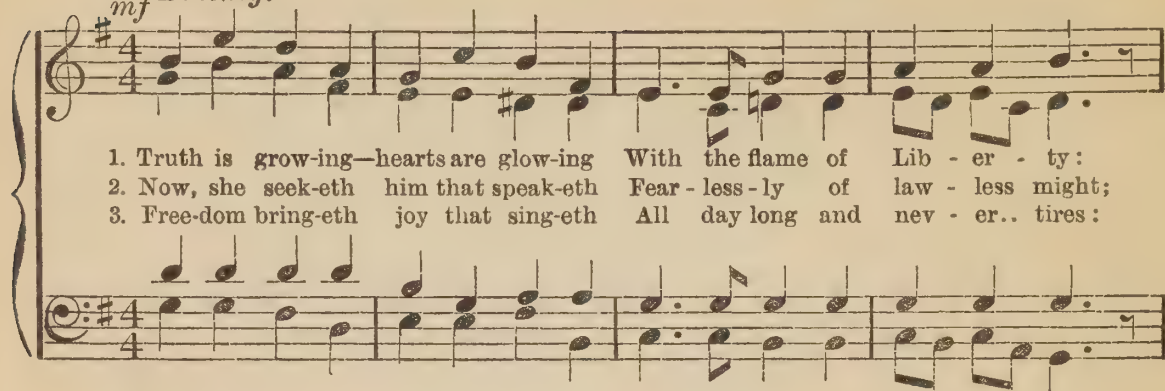
lau-rel wreathing For the day when there should be Free-men shouting—"Vic-tor-y!"
swell to-mor-row O-ver land and o-ver sea—"Brethren shout! ye all are free!"
ev-'ry na-tion, "Brethren, cease wild war to wage! Earth is your blest her-i-tage."

No. 26. (2nd Tune.) TRUTH IS GROWING.

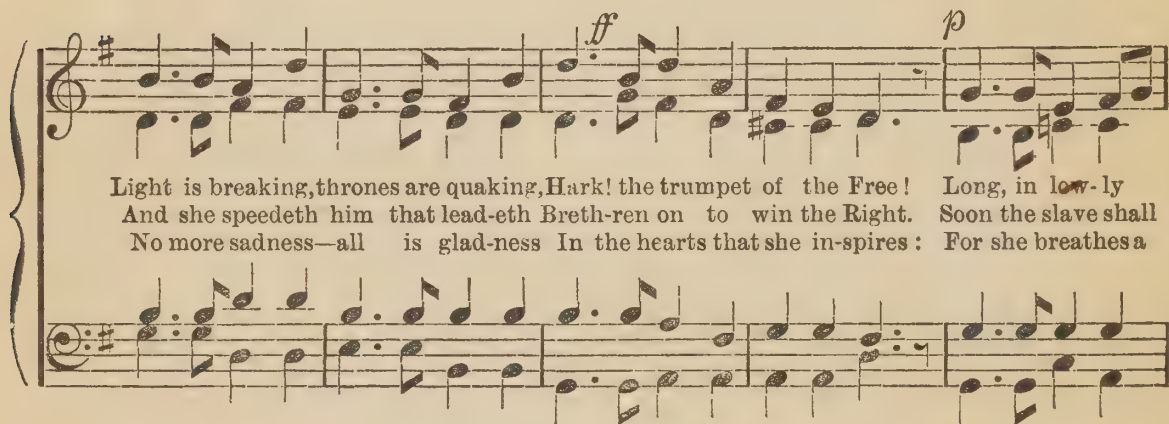
THOMAS COOPER.

C. WARD ROCHESTER.

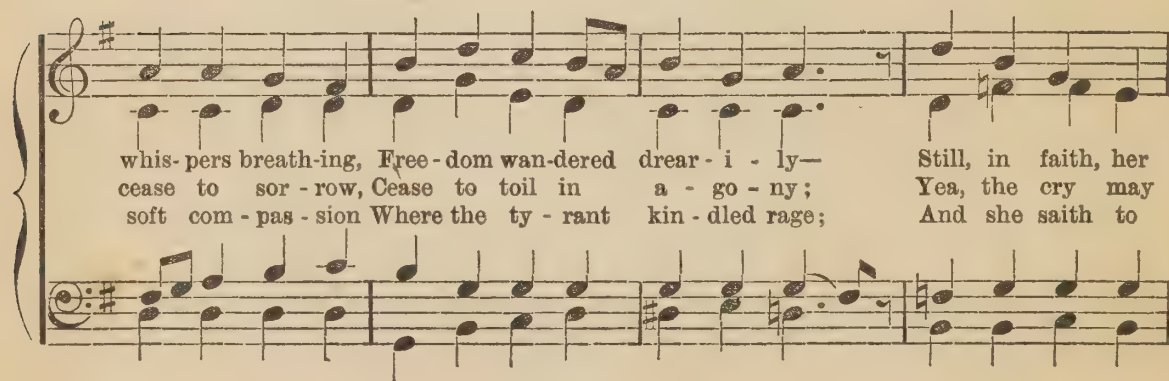
mf Briskly.



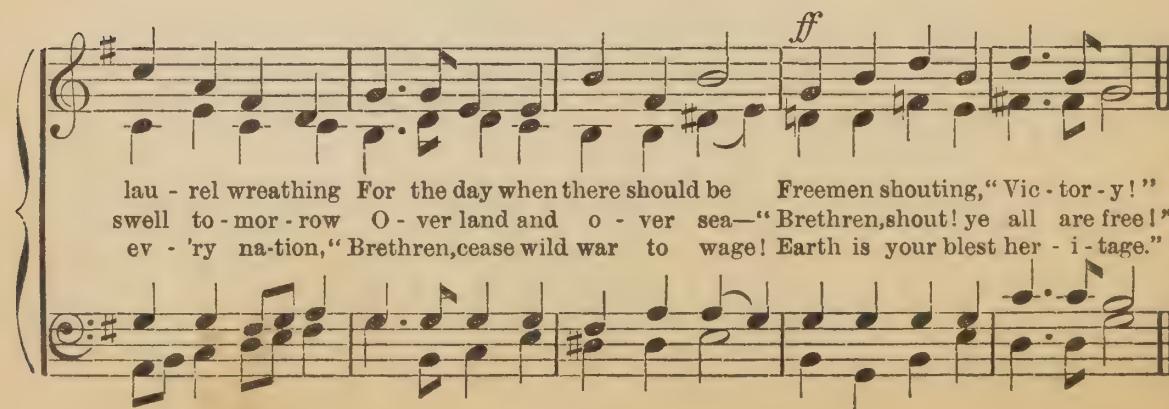
1. Truth is grow-ing—heart-are glow-ing With the flame of Lib - er - ty :
 2. Now, she seek-eth him that speak-eth Fear - less - ly of law - less might;
 3. Free-dom bring-eth joy that sing-eth All day long and nev - er.. tires :



Light is break-ing, throne-are quak-ing, Hark! the trumpet of the Free! Long, in low-ly
 And she speed-eth him that lead-eth Breth-ren on to win the Right. Soon the slave shall
 No more sad-ness—all is glad-ness In the hearts that she in-spires : For she breathes a



whis-pers breath-ing, Free-dom wan-dered drear-i - ly— Still, in faith, her
 cease to sor-row, Cease to toil in a - go - ny; Yea, the cry may
 soft com-pas-sion Where the ty-rant kin-dled rage; And she saith to



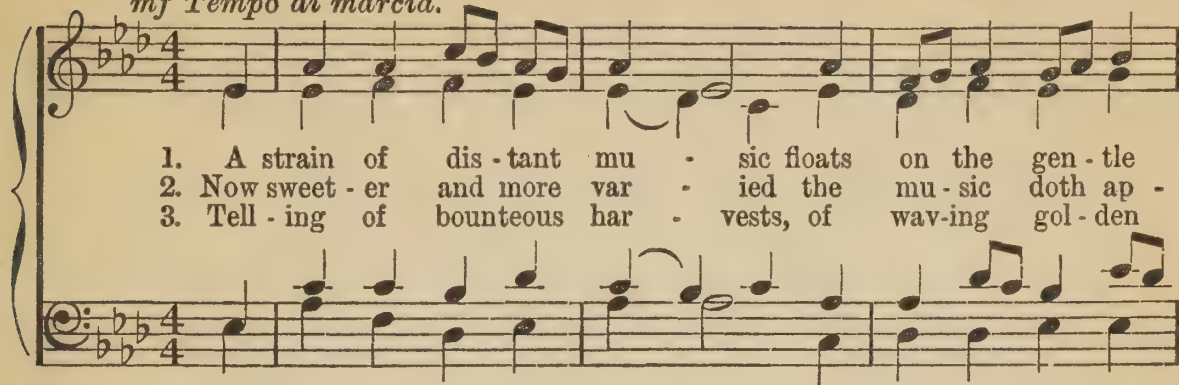
lau-rel wreath-ing For the day when there should be Freemen shout-ing, "Vic-tor-y!"
 swell to-mor-row O-ver land and o-ver sea—"Brethren, shout! ye all are free!"
 ev-'ry na-tion, "Brethren, cease wild war to wage! Earth is your blest her-i-tage."

No. 27. A STRAIN OF DISTANT MUSIC.

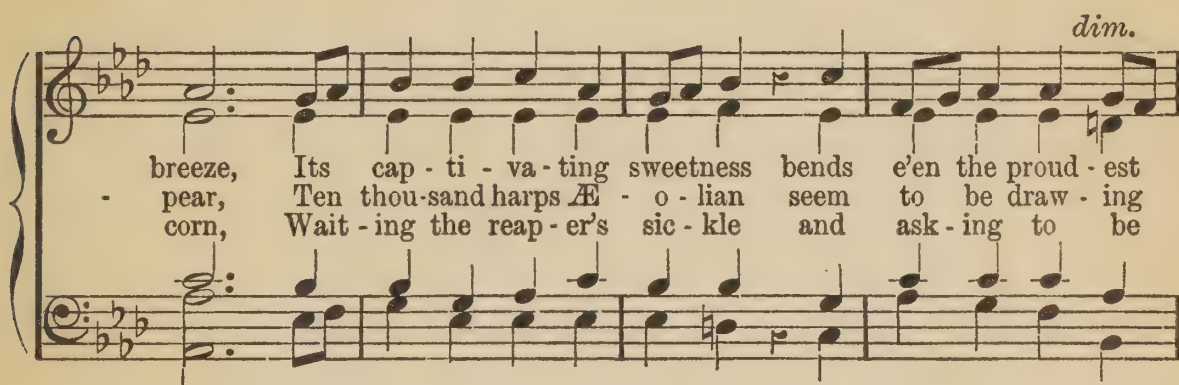
A. SMITH.

ARTHUR SCOTT.

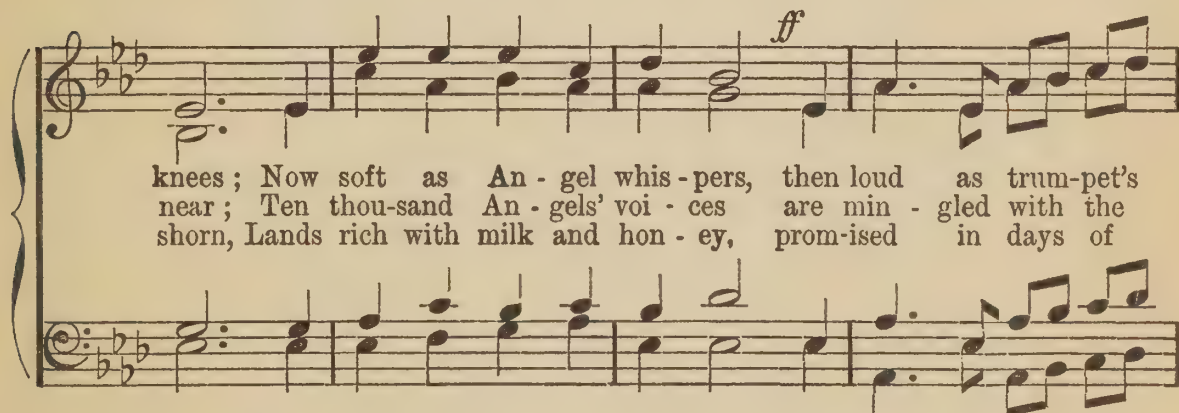
mf Tempo di marcia.



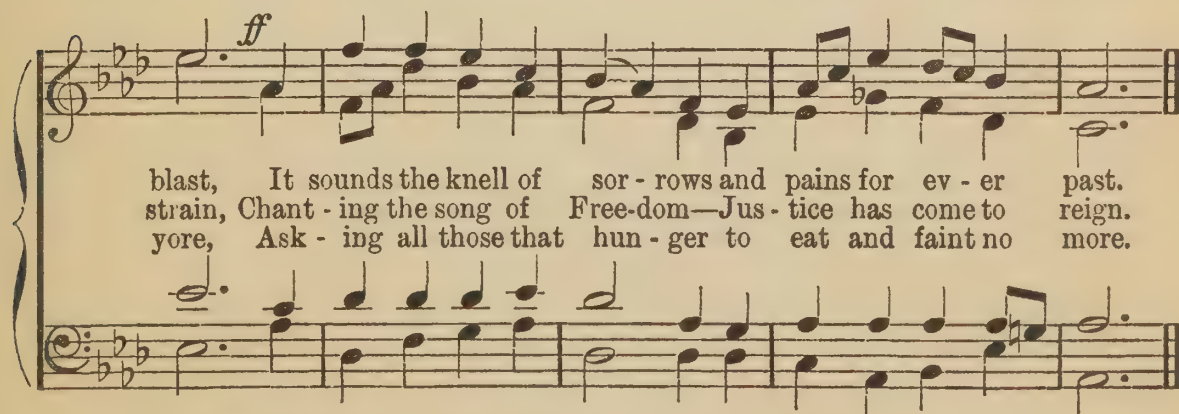
1. A strain of dis-tant mu - sic floats on the gen-tle
 2. Now sweet-er and more var-ied the mu-sic doth ap-
 3. Tell-ing of bounteous har-vests, of wav-ing gol-den



breeze, Its cap-ti-va-ting sweetness bends e'en the proud-est
 - pear, Ten thou-sand harps Æ-o-lian seem to be draw-ing
 corn, Wait-ing the reap-er's sic-kle and ask-ing to be



knees; Now soft as An-gel whis-pers, then loud as trum-pet's
 near; Ten thou-sand An-gels' voi-ces are min-gled with the
 shorn, Lands rich with milk and hon-ey, prom-ised in days of



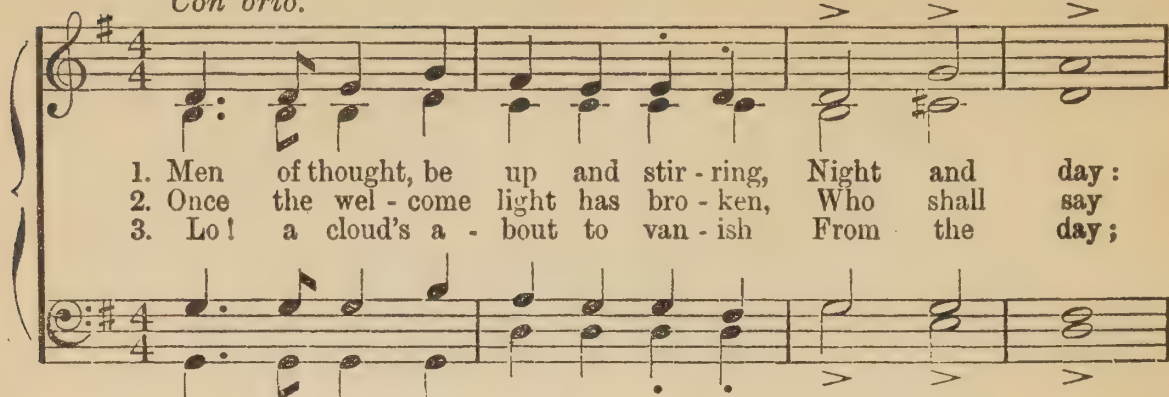
blast, It sounds the knell of sor-rows and pains for ev-er past.
 strain, Chant-ing the song of Free-dom—Jus-tice has come to reign.
 yore, Ask-ing all those that hun-ger to eat and faint no more.

4 The song grows loud and mighty as thunder in the storm,
 The tyrant quakes and trembles, and hides his guilty form;
 And stronger and still stronger the joyous chorus grows—
 Rejoice! all ye that labour, ye triumph o'er your foes.

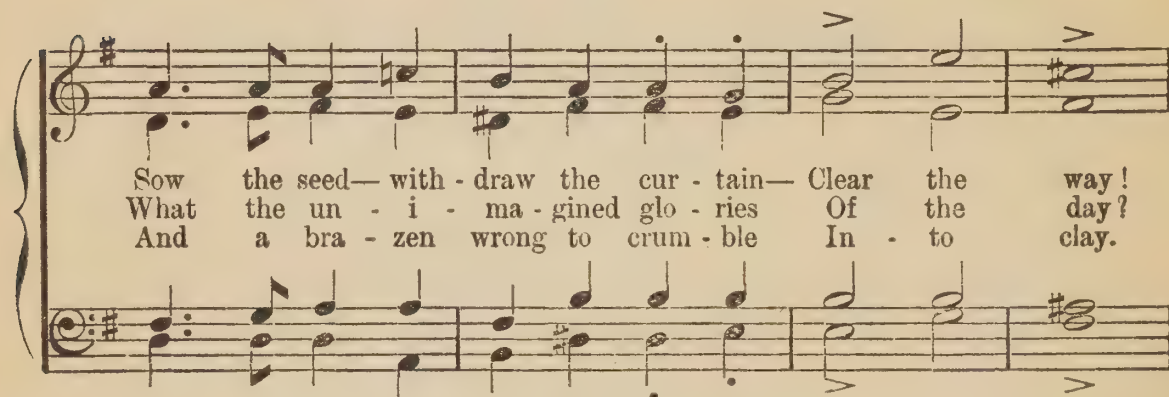
No. 28. MEN OF THOUGHT.

CHARLES MACKAY.
Con brio.

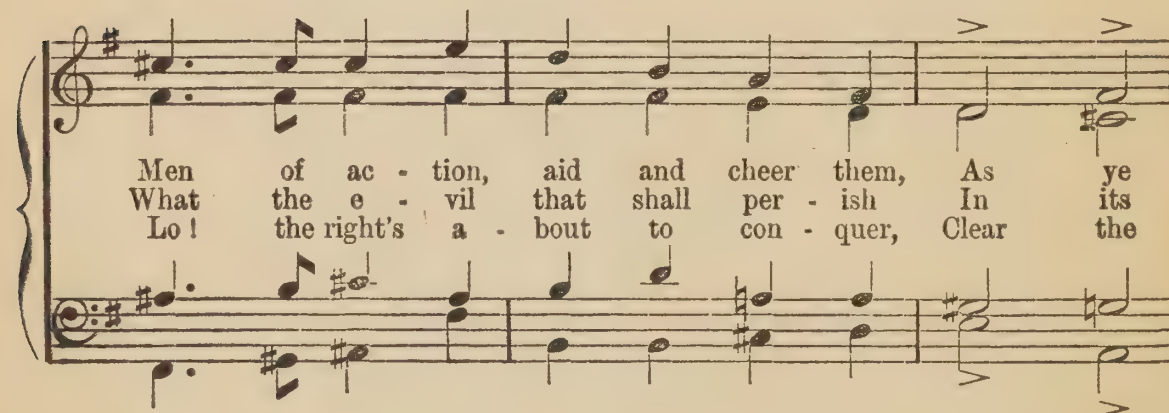
E. JOSEPHINE TROUP.




1. Men of thought, be up and stir-ring, Night and day:
2. Once the wel-come light has bro-ken, Who shall say
3. Lo! a cloud's a-bout to van-ish From the day;



Sow the seed—with-draw the cur-tain—Clear the way!
What the un-i-ma-gined glo-ries Of the day?
And a bra-zen wrong to crum-ble In-to clay.



Men of ac-tion, aid and cheer them, As ye
What the e-vil that shall per-ish In its
Lo! the right's a-bout to con-quer, Clear the



may! There's a fount a-bout to stream, There's a
ray? Aid the dawn-ing, tongue and pen ;..... Aid it,
way! With the right shall ma-ny more... .. En-ter

light a - bout to beam,..... There's a warmth a - bout to
 hopes of hon - est men;..... Aid it, pa - per—aid it,
 smil - ing at the door;..... With the gi - ant wrong shall

glow,..... There's a flow'r a - bout to blow;.....
 type—..... Aid it, for the hour is ripe,.....
 fall..... Ma - ny oth - ers, great and small,.....

There's a mid - night black - ness chang - ing In - to grey;
 And our earn - est must not slack - en In - to play.
 That for a - ges long have held us For their prey. }

Men of thought and men of ac - tion, Clear the way!

No. 29. ONWARD, BROTHERS.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

G. SHARP.

Briskly.

mf

1. On - ward, bro - thers, march still on - ward, Side by side and
2. Old - en sa - ges saw it dim - ly, And their joy to
3. Still brave deeds and kind are need - ed, No - ble thoughts and

hand in hand; We are bound for man's true king - dom,
mad - ness wrought; Liv - ing men have gaz'd up - on it,
feel - ings fair; Ye too must be strong and suf - fer,

p
We are an in - creas - ing band. Though the way seem
Stand - ing on the hills of thought. All the past has
Ye too have to do and dare. On - ward, bro - thers,

cres.

oft - en doubt - ful, Hard the toil which we en - dure,
done and suf - fer'd, All the dar - ing and the strife,
march still on - ward, March still on - ward, hand in hand,

Though at times our cou - rage fal - ter, Yet the pro - mis'd
All has help'd to mould the fu - ture, Make man mas - ter
Till ye see at last Man's King - dom, Till ye reach the

CHORUS.

land is sure.
of his life. } On - ward, bro - thers, march still on - ward,
Pro - mis'd Land.

Side by side and hand in hand. We are bound for

man's true king - dom, We are an in - creas - ing band.

No. 30.

DEMOCRACY.

C. J. WHITBY.

CHARLES HOBY.

Allegretto.

1. Dem - o - cra-cy, Dem - o - cra - cy ! Oh, word of hope and thrilling power ! Oh,
 2. Dem - o - cra-cy, Dem - o - cra-cy ! From height to height ascend we still Up
 3. Dem - o - cra-cy, Dem - o - cra - cy ! No teeming cities thronged with knaves, No

hope and thrilling power;
 height as - cend we still
 cit - ies thronged with knaves,

salt wind blow - ing from the sea To brace us hour by hour! We
 the steep rock of Lib - er - ty, Knit by one daunt-less will. One,
 pampered rogues in lux - u - ry, No starved and ab - ject slaves! Life

wait thine ad - vent, and we dream Of life renewed and made sub-lime; But
 how - so - e'er dis - persed in space, Though severing seas be-twixt us roar, Of
 steeped in sun - shine, bathed in air, Life re - do - lent of earth and sea, As

and made sub-lime;
 be - twixt us roar,
 of earth and sea,

slow - ly, slow - ly ... mounts thy gleam A - bove the hills of Time!
 a - lien fea - ture, tongue, and race, Yet one the wide world o'er! tree.
 calm - ly stre - nu - ous and fair As growth of grass or.....

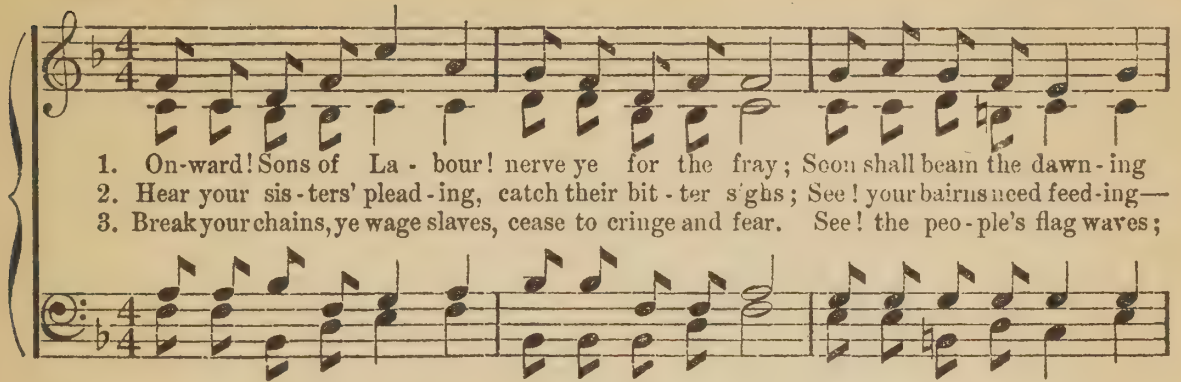
4 Democracy, Democracy!
 Our sordid lives take thou in hand;
 Transmute them to a symphony
 Of organ-music grand.

With cleansing fires our souls assay,
 Consume the false, confirm the true,
 And in the searching light of day
 Establish us anew.

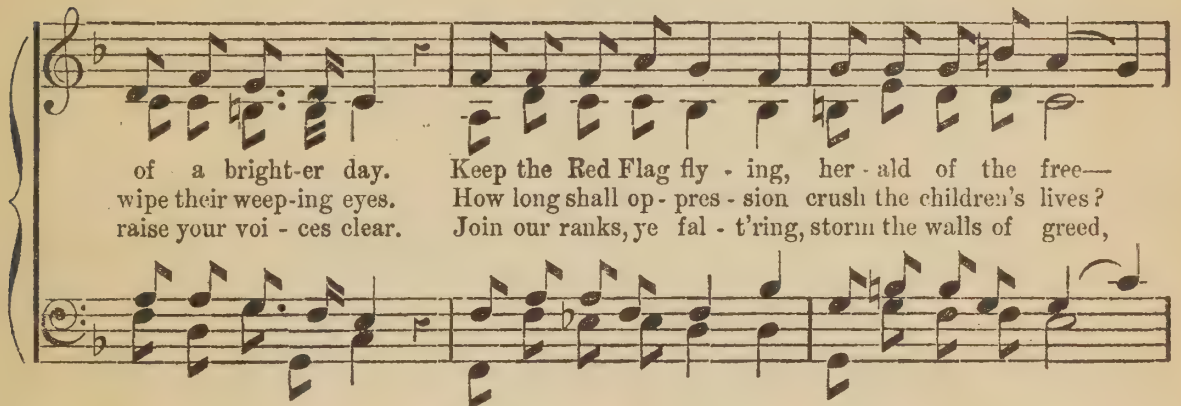
No. 31. ONWARD! SONS OF LABOUR.

FRED EASTON.

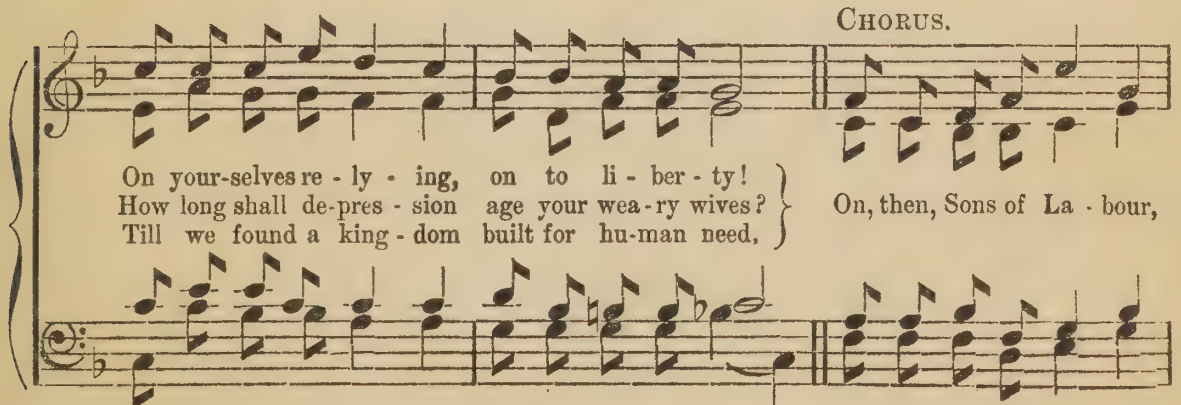
G. SHARP.



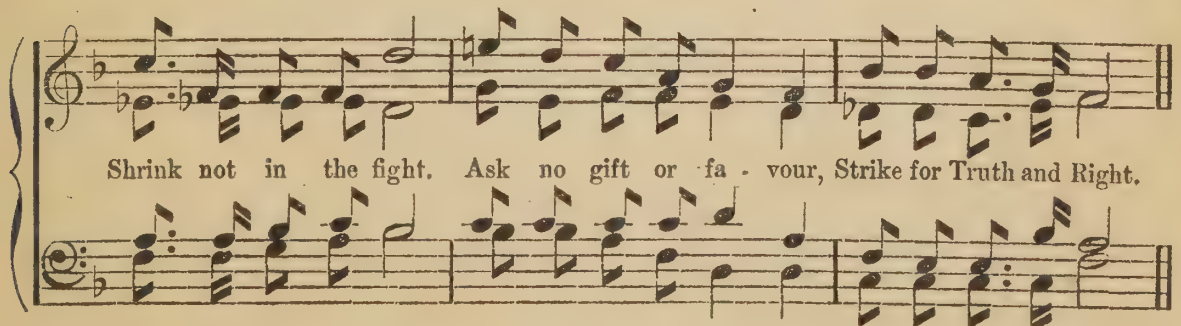
1. On-ward! Sons of La - bour! nerve ye for the fray; Soon shall beam the dawn - ing
2. Hear your sis - ters' plead - ing, catch their bit - ter sighs; See! your bairns need feed - ing—
3. Break your chains, ye wage slaves, cease to cringe and fear. See! the peo - ple's flag waves;



of a bright - er day. Keep the Red Flag fly - ing, her - ald of the free—
wipe their weep - ing eyes. How long shall op - pres - sion crush the children's lives?
raise your voi - ces clear. Join our ranks, ye fal - t'ring, storm the walls of greed,



CHORUS.
On your - selves re - ly - ing, on to li - ber - ty! }
How long shall de - pres - sion age your wea - ry wives? } On, then, Sons of La - bour,
Till we found a king - dom built for hu - man need, }



Shrink not in the fight. Ask no gift or fa - vour, Strike for Truth and Right.

4. See! the coming glory streams across the plains.
Soon the Sons of Labour shall take up the reins.
Then in every nation shall our Cause increase
Till it reigns triumphant—pledge of joy and peace.
5. Comrades! join our army, never heed the cost.
Cease not in the conflict, hope must not be lost.
Forward, then, ye people, join with heart and hand,
Enter then your Canaan—England's Promised Land.

No. 32. OURS THE VICTORY!

R. H. NEWLANDS.

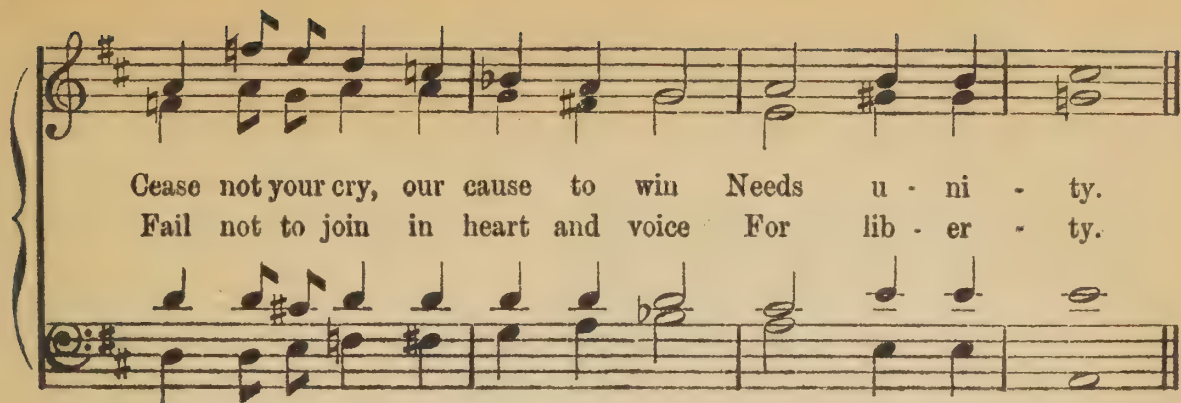
W. RIDDICK.

1. Le - gions of brave hearts, still hope on, Your voice is
2. Gath - er, ye young hearts, raise your song To cheer your

heard ! Rank, class and creed in all the land
sires ; Hard is their fight 'gainst might - y wrongs

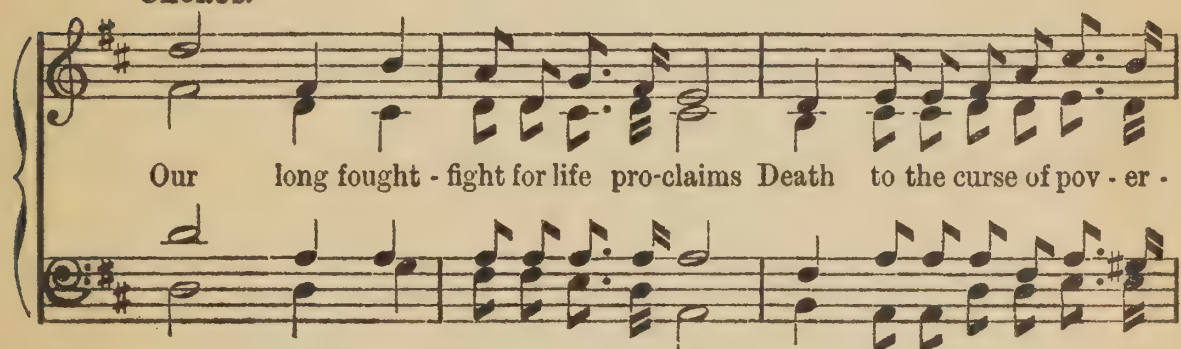
Are con - science stirred. See how they mul - ti -
Your spir - it fires ! They fight to make your

ply their doles In char - i - ty !
hearth and home Glad - some and free ;



Cease not your cry, our cause to win Needs u - ni - ty.
Fail not to join in heart and voice For lib - er - ty.

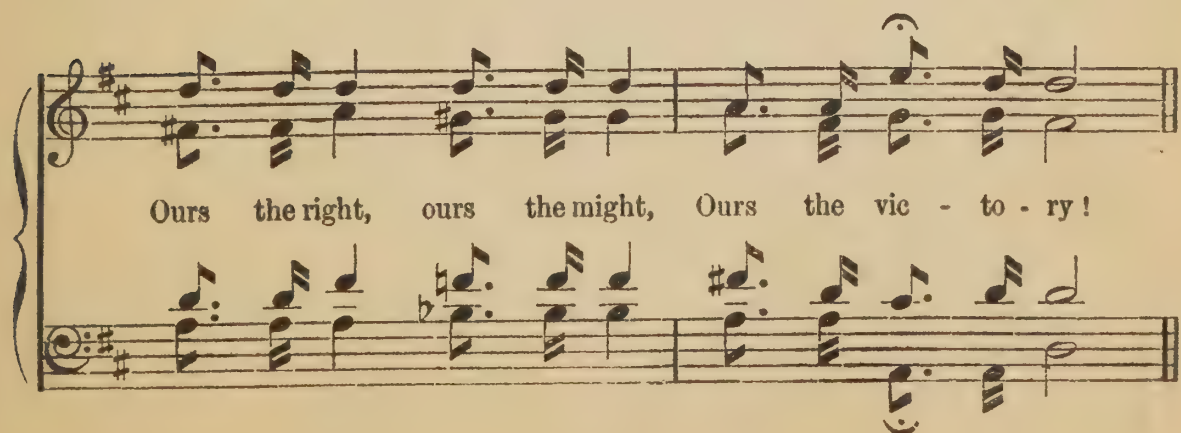
CHORUS.



Our long fought - fight for life pro-claims Death to the curse of pov - er -



ty! The earth is full, all shall be free!

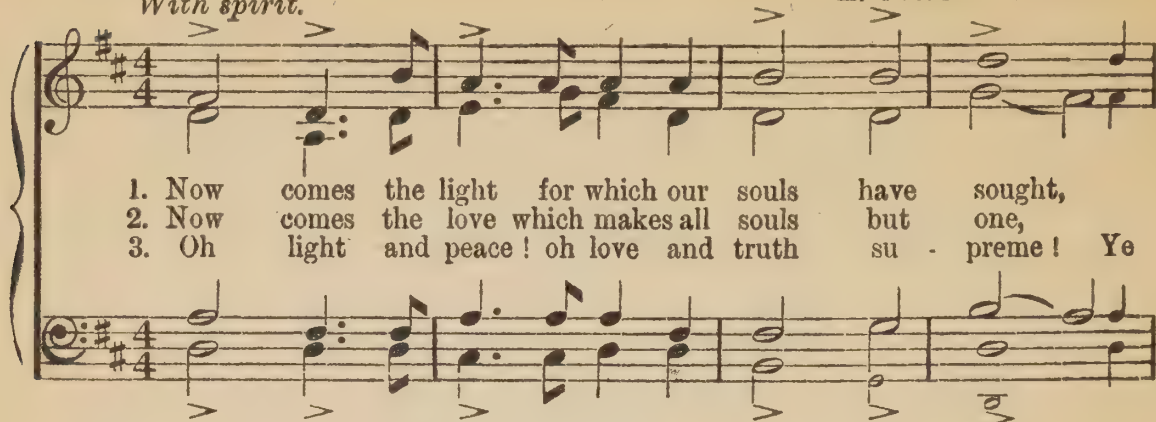


Ours the right, ours the might, Ours the vic - to - ry!

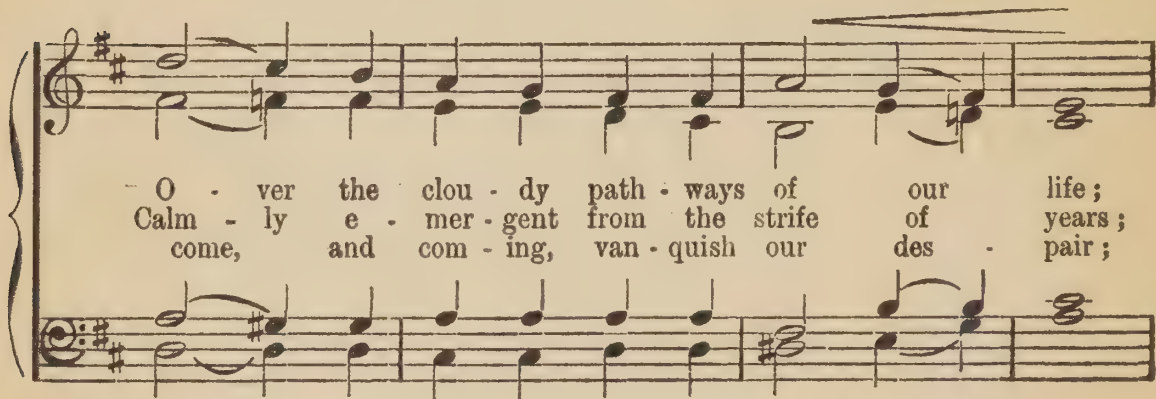
No. 33. NOW COMES THE LIGHT.

MALCOLM QUIN.
With spirit.

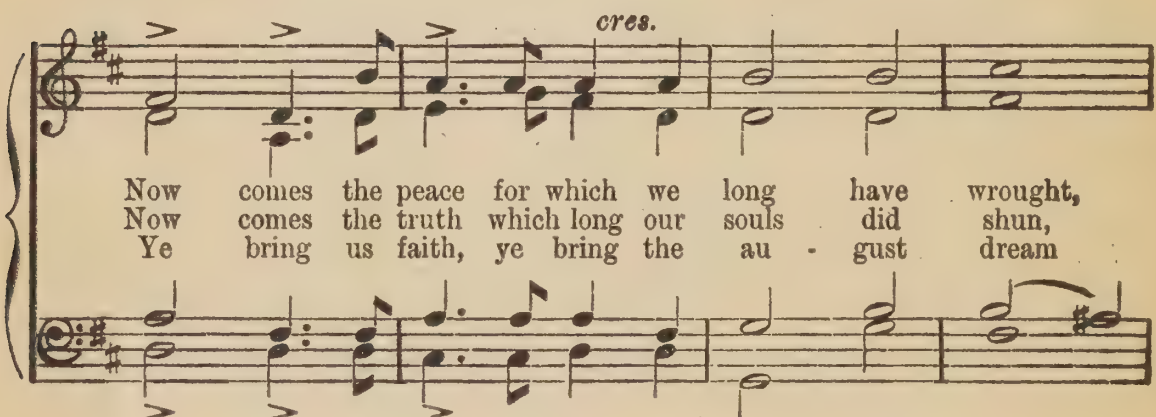
E. JOSEPHINE TROUP.



1. Now comes the light for which our souls have sought,
 2. Now comes the love which makes all souls but one,
 3. Oh light and peace! oh love and truth su - preme! Ye



O - ver the clou - dy path - ways of our life;
 Calm - ly e - mer - gent from the strife of years;
 come, and com - ing, van - quish our des - pair;



cres.
 Now comes the peace for which we long have wrought,
 Now comes the truth which long our souls did shun,
 Ye bring us faith, ye bring the au - gust dream



Crown - ing with glad re - sults our cease - less strife;
 Lift - ing us high a - bove all doubts and fears;
 Of some great glad - ness which we now pre - pare.

p

Oh light and peace! ye pow'rs of glad - ness sure,
 Oh love and truth! ye stars of hu - man fate,
 Oh make us wor - thy of that af - ter - time

With you we con - quer, or with you en - dure.
 Be ye with us and we for joy can wait.
 Whose im - age fronts us now with looks sub - lime!

p

Oh light and peace! ye pow'rs of glad - ness sure, With
 Oh love and truth! ye stars of hu - man fate, Be
 Oh make us wor - thy of that af - ter - time Whose

f *rit.*

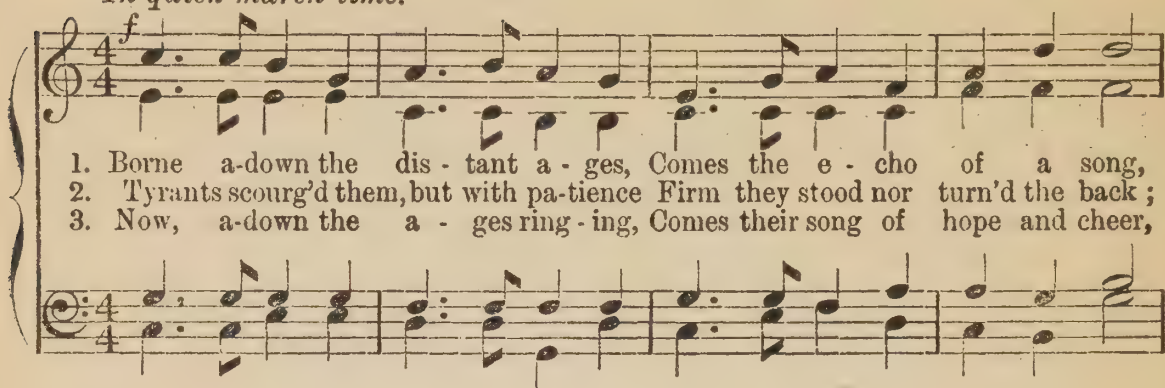
you we con - quer, or with you..... en - dure.
 ye with us, and we for joy..... can wait.
 im - age fronts us now with looks..... sub - lime!

No. 34. BORNE ADOWN THE DISTANT AGES.

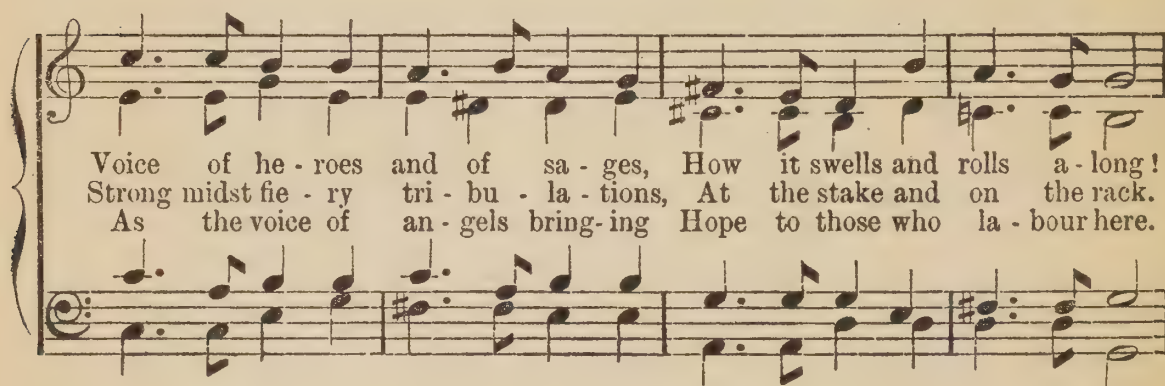
CLARA THOMSON.

G. E. NEWSTEAD.

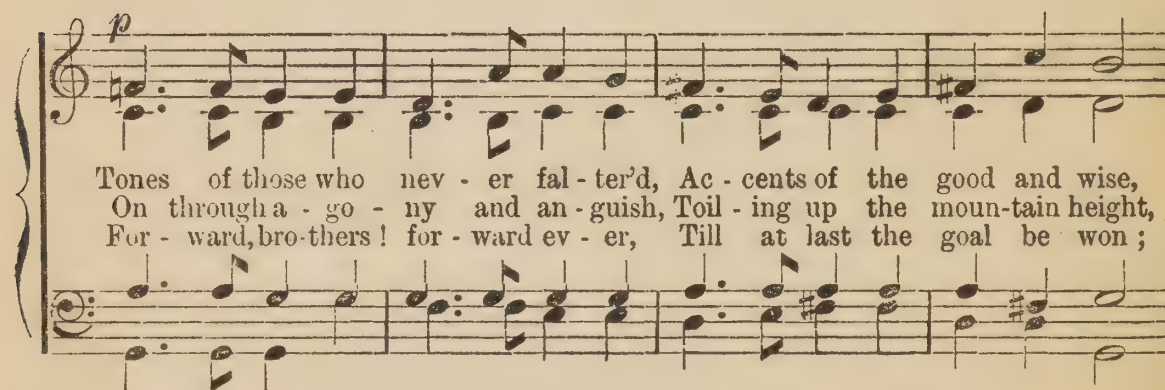
In quick march time.



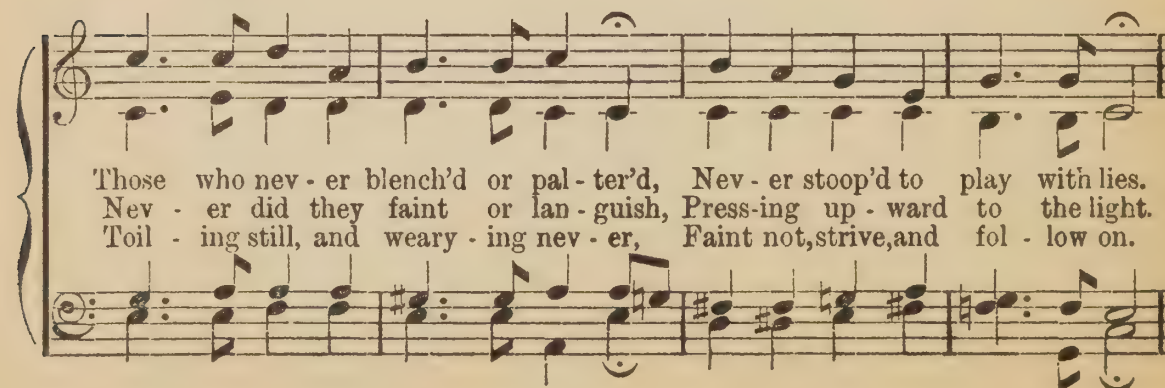
1. Borne a-down the dis - tant a - ges, Comes the e - cho of a song,
 2. Tyrants scourg'd them, but with pa-tience Firm they stood nor turn'd the back;
 3. Now, a-down the a - ges ring - ing, Comes their song of hope and cheer,



Voice of he - roes and of sa - ges, How it swells and rolls a - long!
 Strong midst fie - ry tri - bu - la - tions, At the stake and on the rack.
 As the voice of an - gels bring - ing Hope to those who la - bour here.



Tones of those who nev - er fal - ter'd, Ac - cents of the good and wise,
 On through a - go - ny and an - guish, Toil - ing up the moun - tain height,
 For - ward, bro - thers! for - ward ev - er, Till at last the goal be won;



Those who nev - er blench'd or pal - ter'd, Nev - er stoop'd to play with lies.
 Nev - er did they faint or lan - guish, Press - ing up - ward to the light.
 Toil - ing still, and weary - ing nev - er, Faint not, strive, and fol - low on.

No. 35. HAIL! DAWN OF LIBERTY.

J. H. LEVY.

E. JOSEPHINE TROUP.

f >

Hail! dawn of li - ber - ty, Day of e - qual - i - ty,

When all man - kind shall be Bound in fra - ter - ni - ty.

mp

1. When works of strife shall cease, And deeds of love in - crease,
2. No maid shall be for - lorn, No man be made to mourn,
3. Truth then shall reign su - preme, Things shall be what they seem,

cres. *D.C. Refrain ff with Full harmonies.*

And u - ni - ver - sal peace Bless all hu - man - i - ty.
No child un - wel - come born In that fu - tu - ri - ty.
All su - per - sti - tion's dream Held as pro - fan - i - ty.

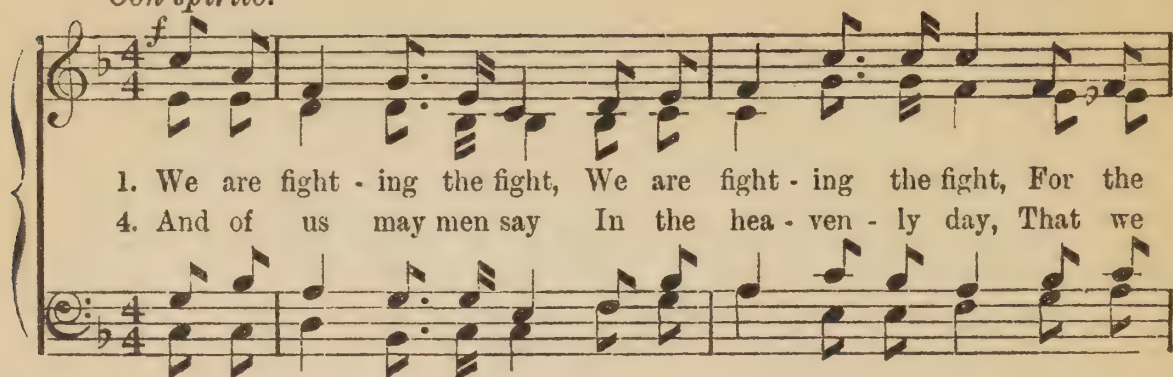
4 Our lives may now be cast
'Mid shadows of the past,
'Those shadows shall not last
In perpetuity. Hail, &c.

5 They never can despair
Who learn to hope, and care,
And work, for prospects fair
For their posterity. Hail, &c.

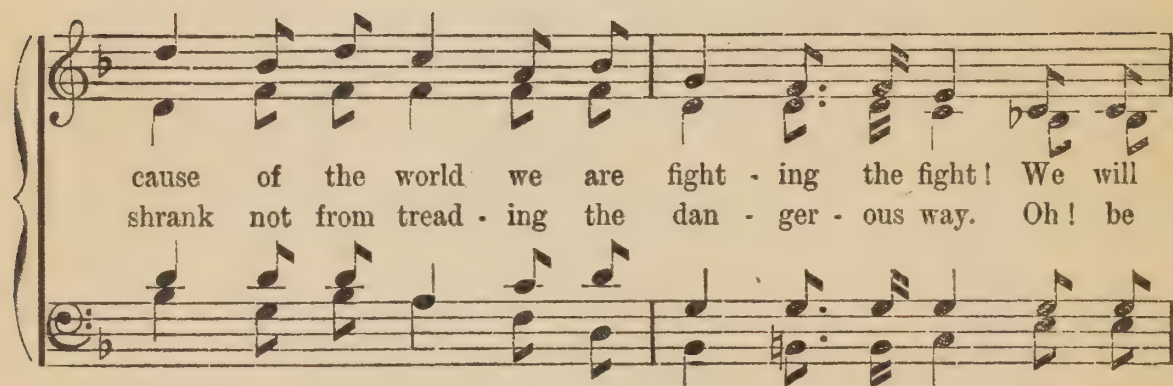
No. 36. WE ARE FIGHTING THE FIGHT.

E. NESBIT.
Con spirito.

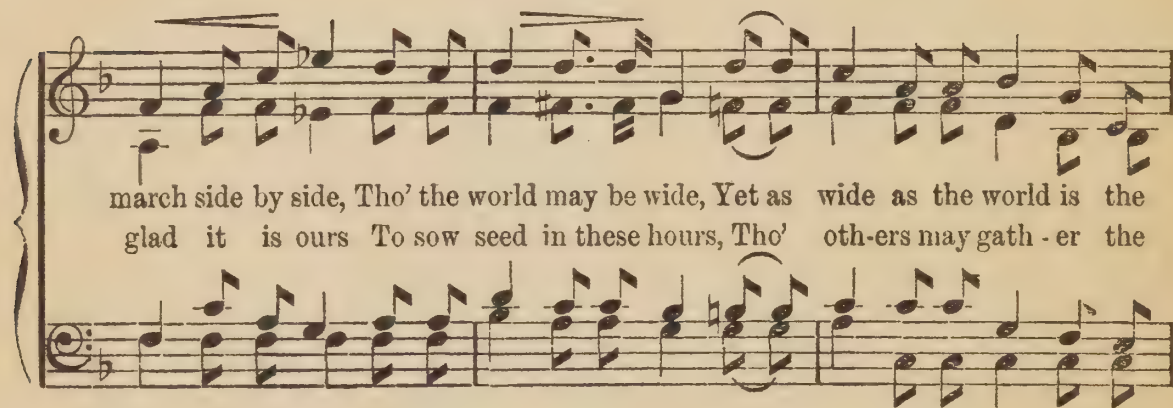
G. SHARP.



1. We are fight - ing the fight, We are fight - ing the fight, For the
4. And of us may men say In the hea - ven - ly day, That we

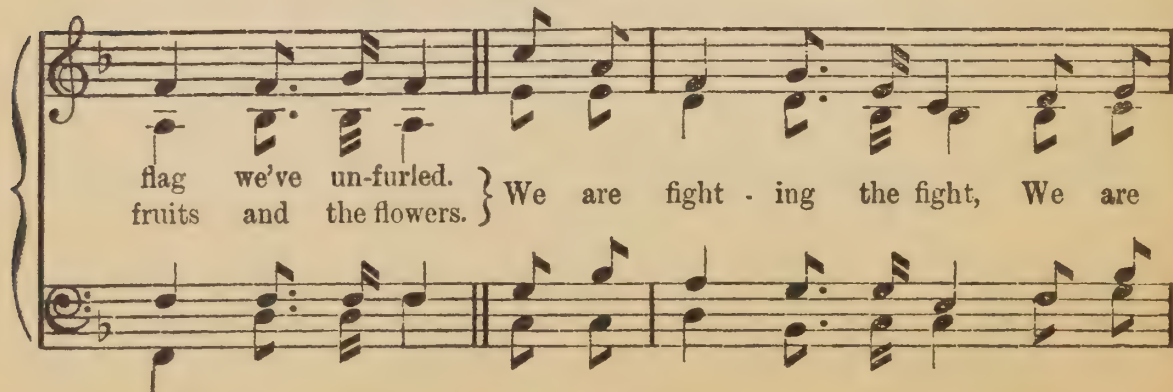


cause of the world we are fight - ing the fight! We will
shrank not from tread - ing the dan - ger - ous way. Oh! be



march side by side, Tho' the world may be wide, Yet as wide as the world is the
glad it is ours To sow seed in these hours, Tho' oth - ers may gath - er the

CHORUS.



flag we've un-furled. } We are fight - ing the fight, We are
fruits and the flowers. }

f
fight - ing the fight, For free - dom and love we are fight - ing the fight.

2nd and 3rd verses.

2. In Li - ber - ty's name, Come sor - row or shame, We
3. Though long be the night, The day will be bright When the

serve her, and care not for world's praise or blame! And the harder the way, And the
sun of our Free-dom shall rise in its night. True comrades, stand fast, Till the

Repeat Chorus.

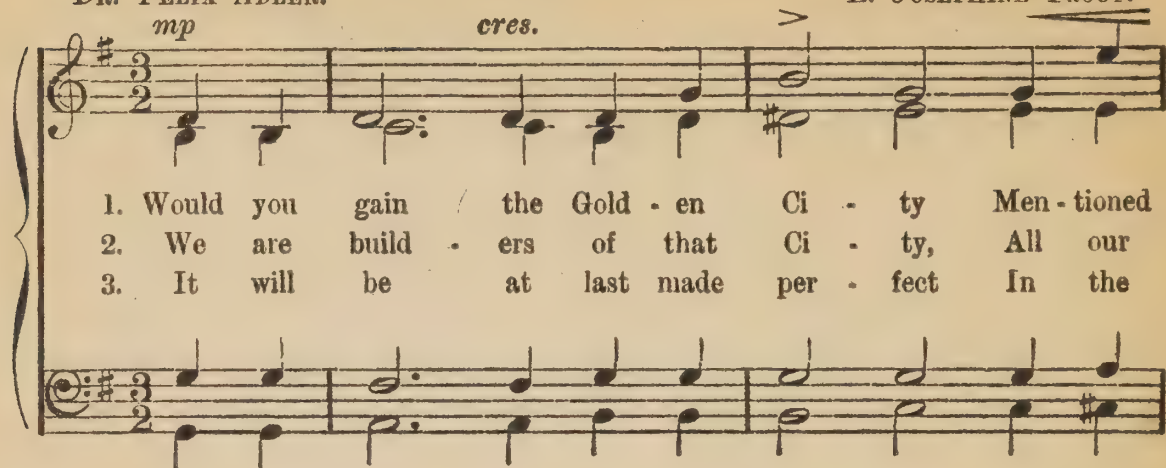
hot - ter the day, The great - er the glo - ry in fight - ing we say!
night be o'er-past, And lies shall be dead, and truth con - quer at last.

No. 37. WOULD YOU GAIN THE GOLDEN CITY?

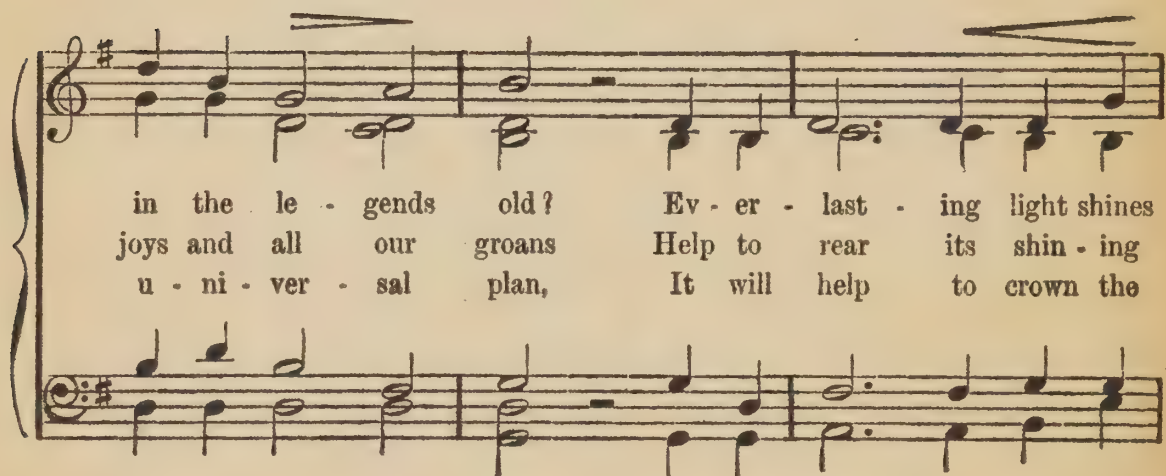
DR. FELIX ADLER.

E. JOSEPHINE TROUP.

mp *cres.* *>*

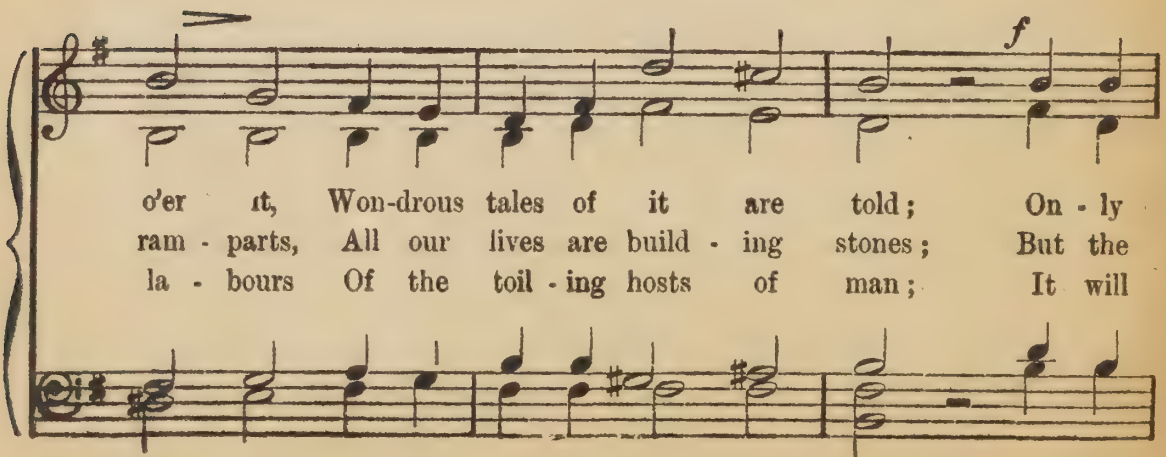


1. Would you gain the Gold - en Ci - ty Men - tioned
 2. We are build - ers of that Ci - ty, All our
 3. It will be at last made per - fect In the



in the le - gends old? Ev - er - last - ing light shines
 joys and all our groans Help to rear its shin - ing
 u - ni - ver - sal plan, It will help to crown the

f



o'er it, Won-drous tales of it are told; On - ly
 ram - parts, All our lives are build - ing stones; But the
 la - bours Of the toil - ing hosts of man; It will

right - eous men and wo - men Dwell with - in its gleam - ing
work that we have build - ed, Oft with bleed - ing hands and
last and shine trans - fig - ured In the fi - nal reign of

wall, Wrong is ban - ished from its bor - ders, Jus - tice
tears, And in er - ror and in an - guish, Will not
right, It will merge in - to the splen - dours Of the

reigns su - preme o'er all, Wrong is ban - ished from its
per - ish with our years, But the work that we have
Ci - ty of the Light, It will merge in - to the

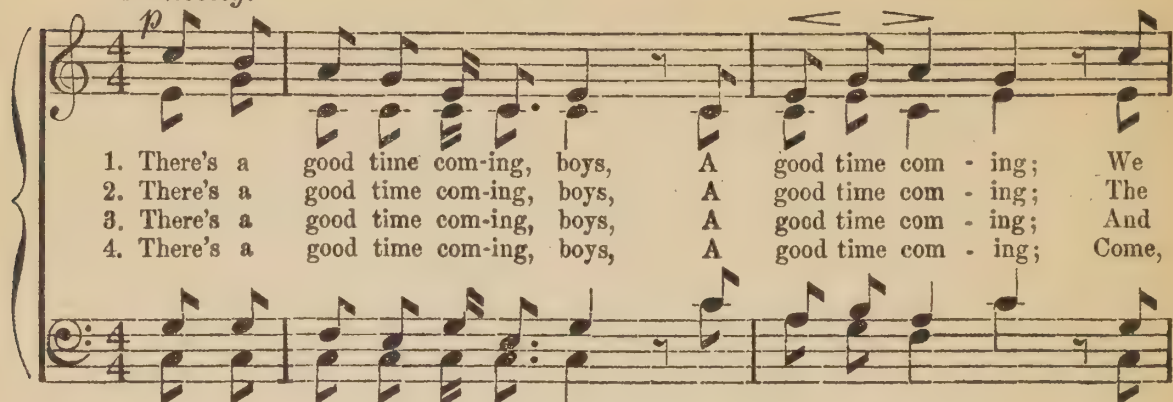
bor - ders, Jus - tice reigns su - preme o'er all.
build - ed Will not per - ish with our years.
splen - dours Of the Ci - ty of the Light.

No. 38. THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING, BOYS.

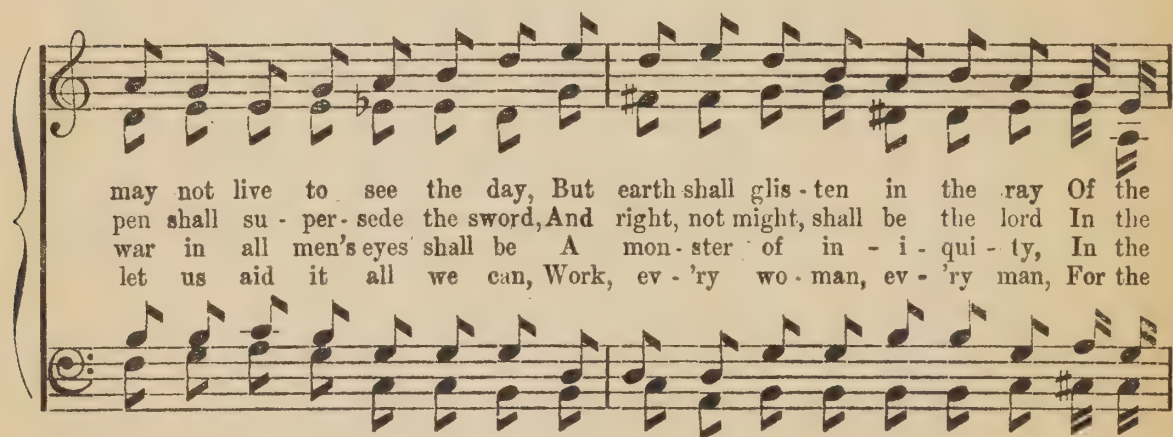
CHARLES MACKAY.

GEORGIA PEARCE.

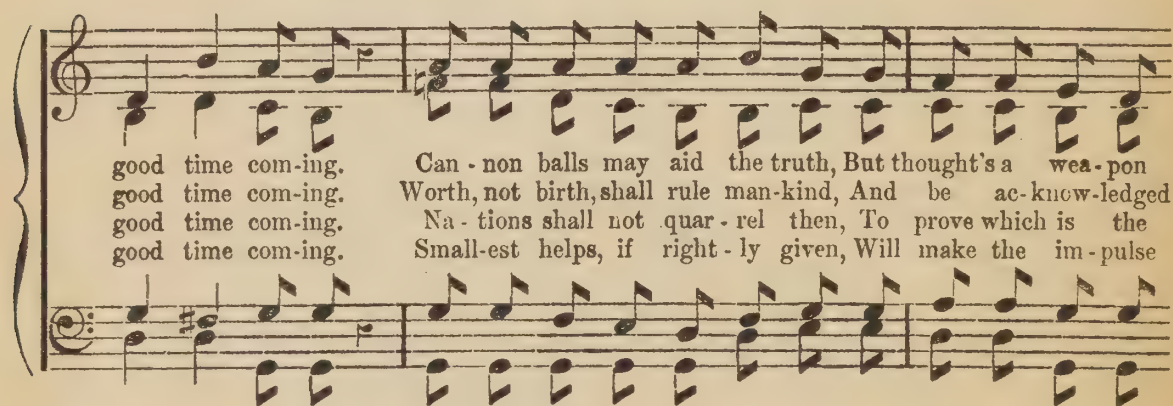
Earnestly.



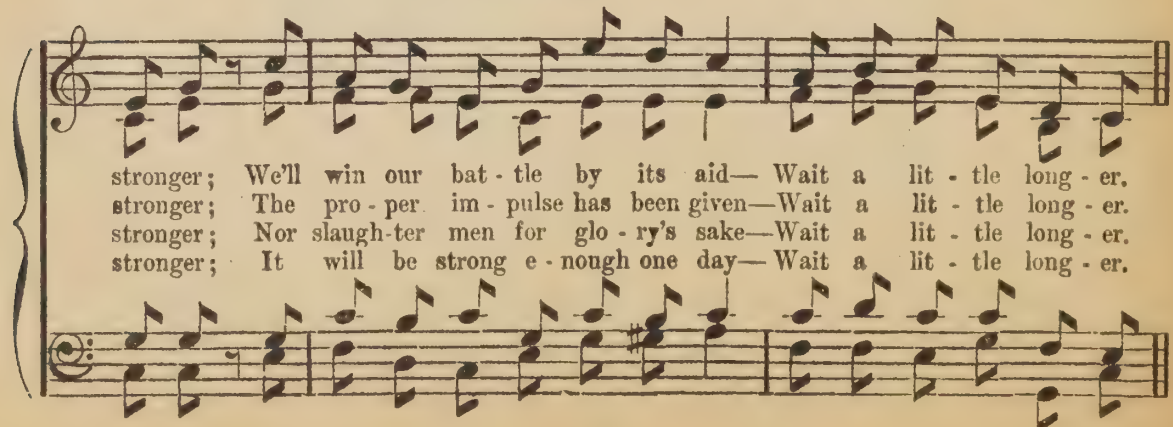
1. There's a good time com-ing, boys, A good time com - ing; We
2. There's a good time com-ing, boys, A good time com - ing; The
3. There's a good time com-ing, boys, A good time com - ing; And
4. There's a good time com-ing, boys, A good time com - ing; Come,



may not live to see the day, But earth shall glis - ten in the ray Of the
pen shall su - per - sede the sword, And right, not might, shall be the lord In the
war in all men's eyes shall be A mon - ster of in - i - qui - ty, In the
let us aid it all we can, Work, ev - 'ry wo - man, ev - 'ry man, For the



good time com-ing. Can - non balls may aid the truth, But thought's a wea - pon
good time com-ing. Worth, not birth, shall rule man-kind, And be ac - know - ledged
good time com-ing. Na - tions shall not quar - rel then, To prove which is the
good time com-ing. Small - est helps, if right - ly given, Will make the im - pulse



stronger; We'll win our bat - tle by its aid— Wait a lit - tle long - er.
stronger; The pro - per im - pulse has been given— Wait a lit - tle long - er.
stronger; Nor slaugh - ter men for glo - ry's sake— Wait a lit - tle long - er.
stronger; It will be strong e - nough one day— Wait a lit - tle long - er.

No. 39.

MARCHING SONG.

E. NESBIT.

GEORGIA PEARCE.

Impressively.

1. O where-fore do ye stand, a stern and stead-fast band, With your
 2. What col - our do ye wear, what ban - ner do ye bear When you
 3. Whom, then, do ye be - friend, whose cause do ye de - fend— Are there

feet up-on the path-way whence fame has turn'd a-way? We hun-ger not for fame, nor
 turn your fa-ces fightwards, and make your weapons keen? Our banner's folds are red as our
 a - ny need such champions and fighting men as ye? Our arms and hearts are strong, for

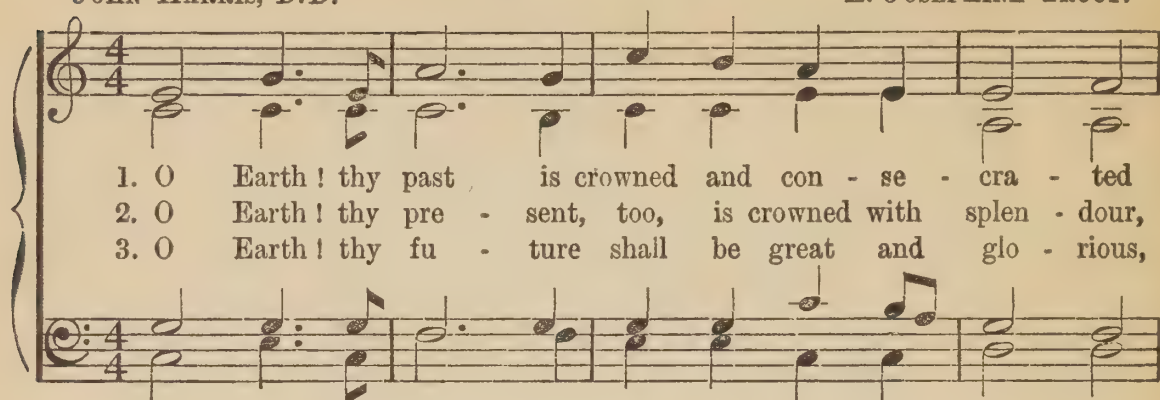
heed world's praise or blame, Since fame and hon-our part - ed this ma - ny, ma - ny a day!
 blood, which we will shed, Ere that a - gain be suf - fer'd, which here - to - fore has been!
 all who suf - fer wrong, And a world of woe can wit - ness how ma - ny such there be!

4. But the golden calf stands high, and all its priests will cry,
 "Ye are heretics and outcasts if ye worship not as we!"
 'Tis our only boast to-day that we worship not as they,
 And to their cursed idol will never bow the knee!
5. What do ye hope to gain by all your strife and strain?
 Ye will win yourselves but bitterness, and bale, and bane, and ban!
 Though we win all these and more, they outshine your golden store
 If they prove us unforgetting of the Brotherhood of Man!
6. What armies fight for you, O ye who are so few,
 O ye who are so few in a world that is so wide?
 The Spirits of the Light shall do battle for the Right—
 And who shall be against us, if these be on our side?

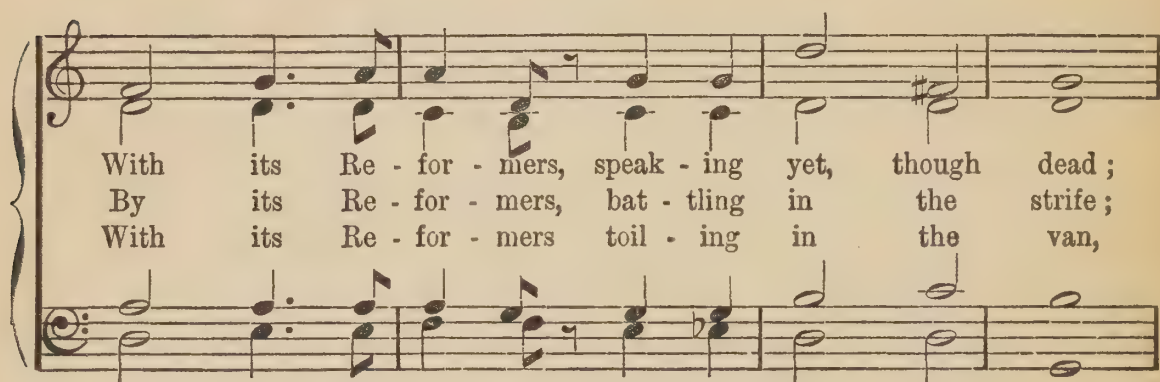
No. 40. O EARTH! THY PAST IS CROWNED.

JOHN HARRIS, D.D.

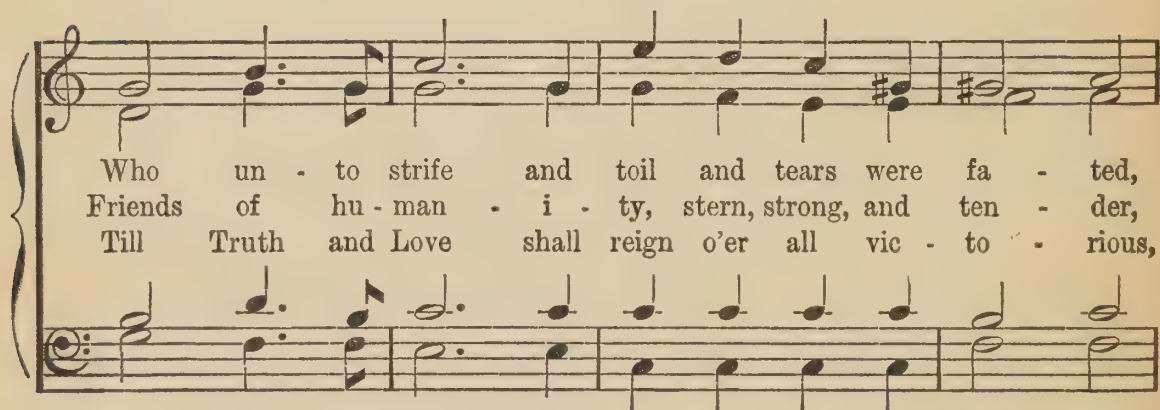
E. JOSEPHINE TROUP.



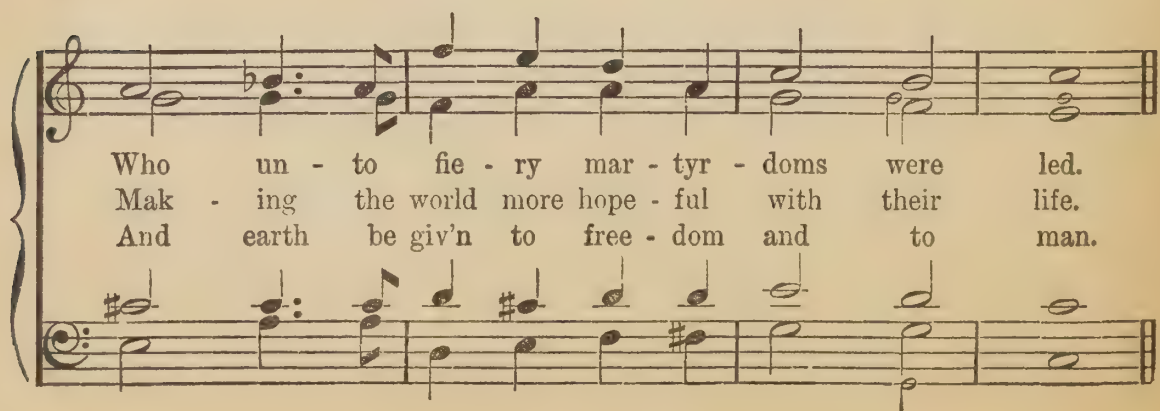
1. O Earth! thy past is crowned and con - se - cra - ted
 2. O Earth! thy pre - sent, too, is crowned with splen - dour,
 3. O Earth! thy fu - ture shall be great and glo - rious,



With its Re - for - mers, speak - ing yet, though dead;
 By its Re - for - mers, bat - tling in the strife;
 With its Re - for - mers toil - ing in the van,



Who un - to strife and toil and tears were fa - ted,
 Friends of hu - man - i - ty, stern, strong, and ten - der,
 Till Truth and Love shall reign o'er all vic - to - rious,



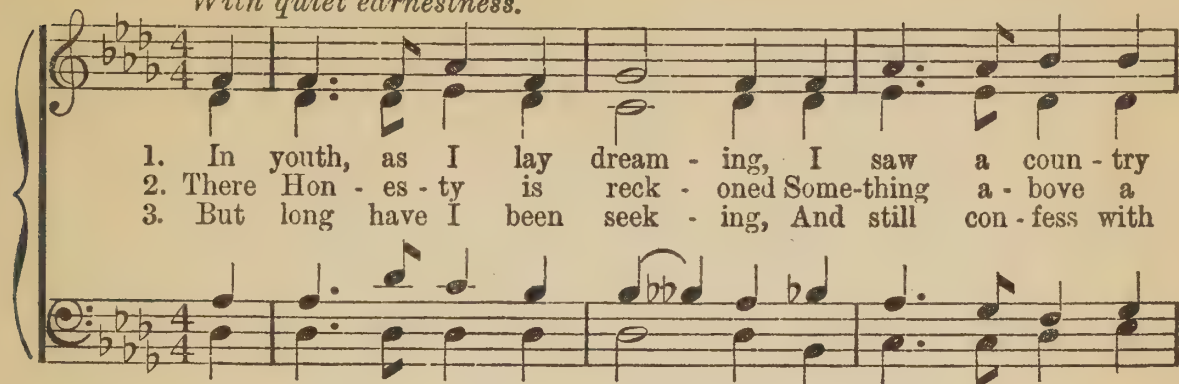
Who un - to fie - ry mar - tyr - doms were led.
 Mak - ing the world more hope - ful with their life.
 And earth be giv'n to free - dom and to man.

No. 41. IN YOUTH, AS I LAY DREAMING.

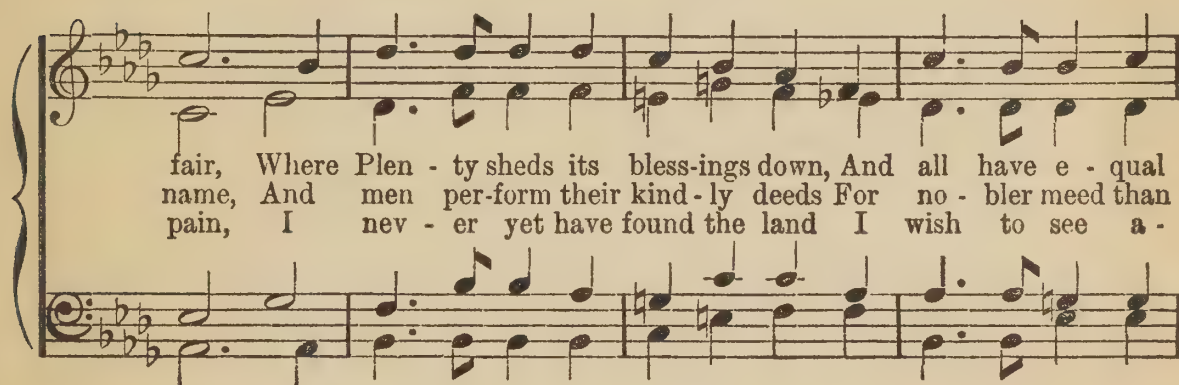
GEORGE GILBERTSON.

EDGAR BAINTON.

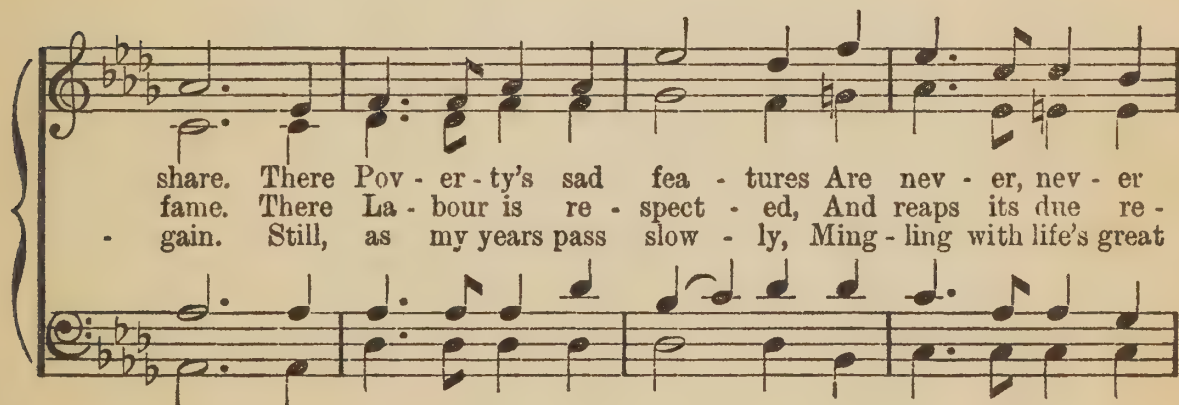
With quiet earnestness.



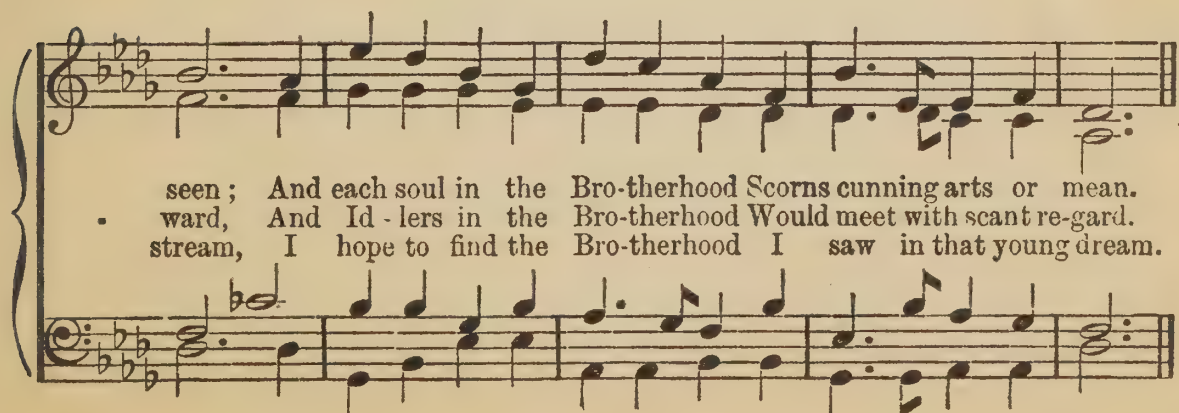
1. In youth, as I lay dream - ing, I saw a coun - try
2. There Hon - es - ty is reck - oned Some - thing a - bove a
3. But long have I been seek - ing, And still con - fess with



fair, Where Plen - ty sheds its bless - ings down, And all have e - qual
name, And men per - form their kind - ly deeds For no - bler deed than
pain, I nev - er yet have found the land I wish to see a -



share. There Pov - er - ty's sad fea - tures Are nev - er, nev - er
fame. There La - bour is re - spect - ed, And reaps its due re -
- gain. Still, as my years pass slow - ly, Ming - ling with life's great



seen; And each soul in the Bro - therhood Scorns cunning arts or mean.
- ward, And Id - lers in the Bro - therhood Would meet with scant re - gard.
stream, I hope to find the Bro - therhood I saw in that young dream.

No. 42. LIFE MAY CHANGE.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

E. JOSEPHINE TROUP.

mf

1. Life may change, but it may fly not; Hope can van - ish, but can die not;

cres. *dim.*

Truth be veiled, but still it burn - eth; Love re-pulsed, but it re-turn - eth.

mf

2. Yet were life a char - nel where Hope lay cof - fined with des - pair,
3. Lend - ing life its soul of light, Hope its i - ris of de - light,

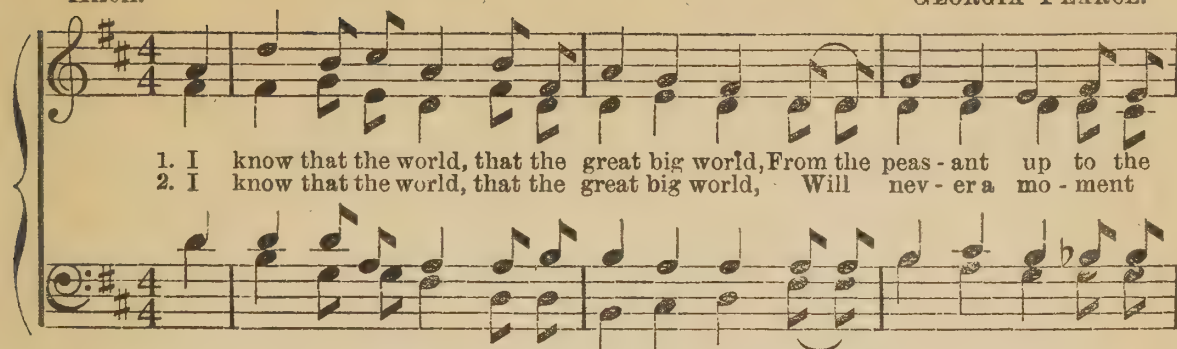
cres. *f* *rit.*

Truth and love a sa - cred lie, — Were it not for li - ber - ty.
Truth its pro - phet's robe to wear, Love its pow'r to give and bear.

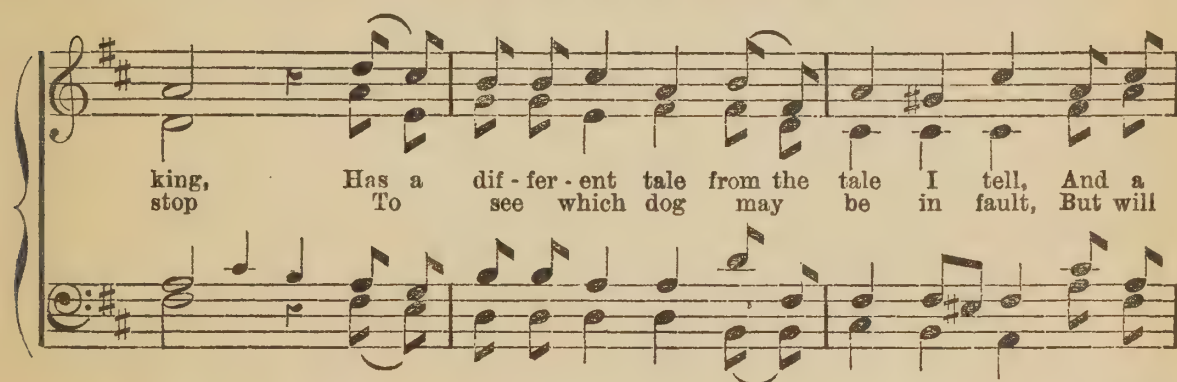
No. 43. THE BOTTOM DOG.

Anon.

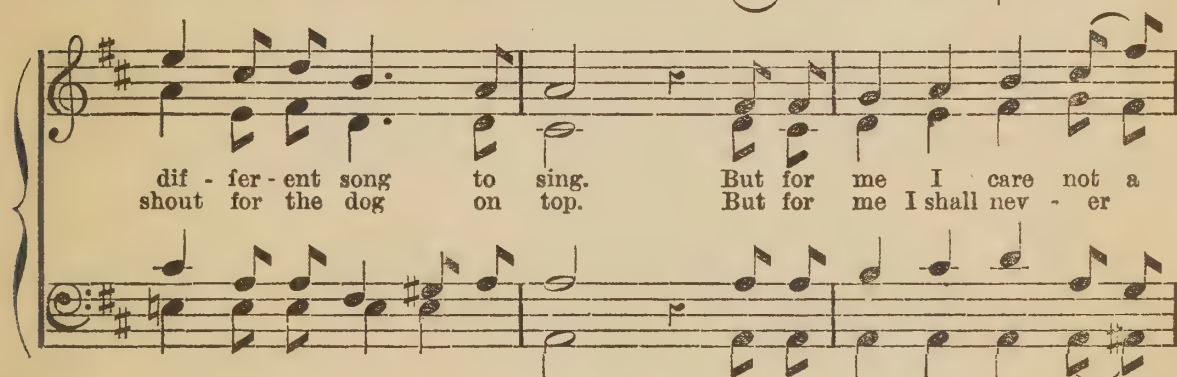
GEORGIA PEAROE.



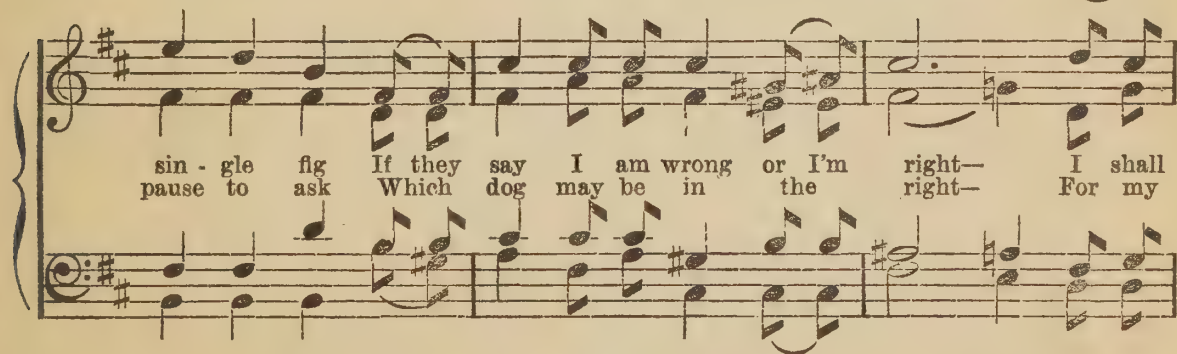
1. I know that the world, that the great big world, From the peas-ant up to the
 2. I know that the world, that the great big world, Will nev-er a mo-ment



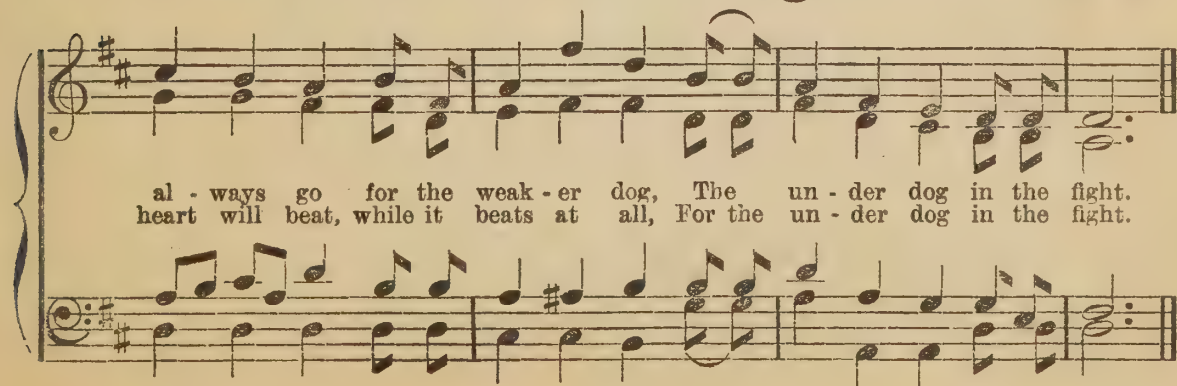
king, stop Has a dif-fer-ent tale from the tale I tell, And a
 To see which dog may be in fault, But will



dif-fer-ent song to sing. But for me I care not a
 shout for the dog on top. But for me I shall nev-er



sin-gle fig If they say I am wrong or I'm right— I shall
 pause to ask Which dog may be in the right— For my



al-ways go for the weak-er dog, The un-der dog in the fight.
 heart will beat, while it beats at all, For the un-der dog in the fight.

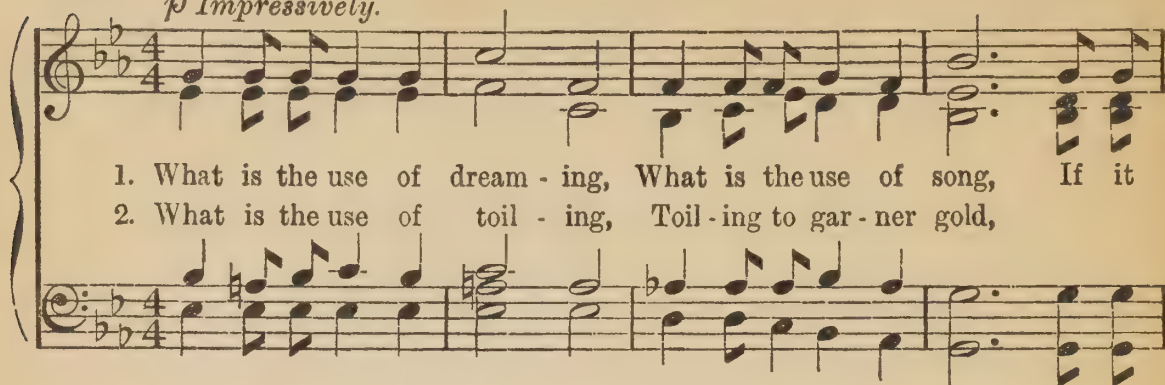
No. 44. WHAT IS THE USE OF DREAMING?

GEORGE E. MEEK.

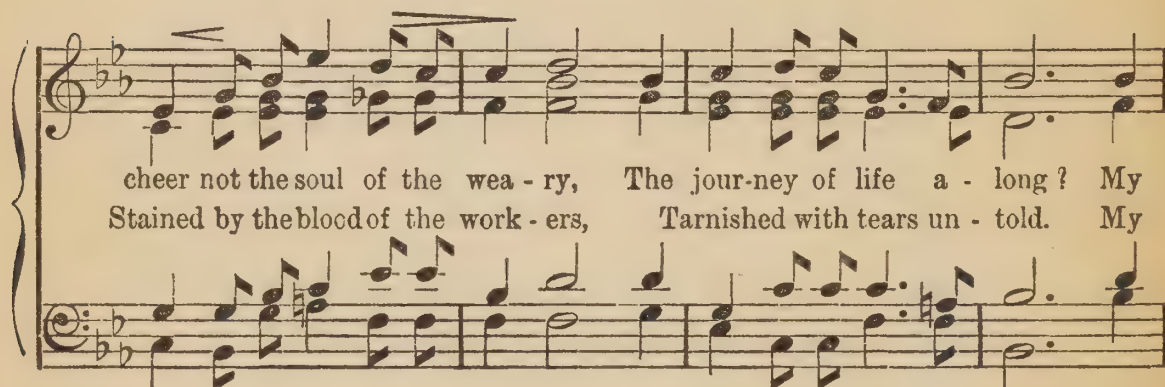
(SONG AND ACCOMPT.)

G. SHARP.

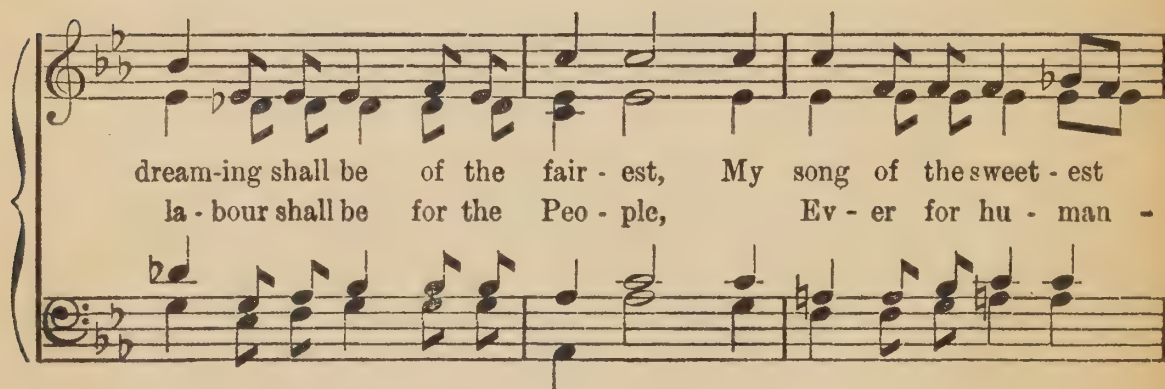
p Impressively.



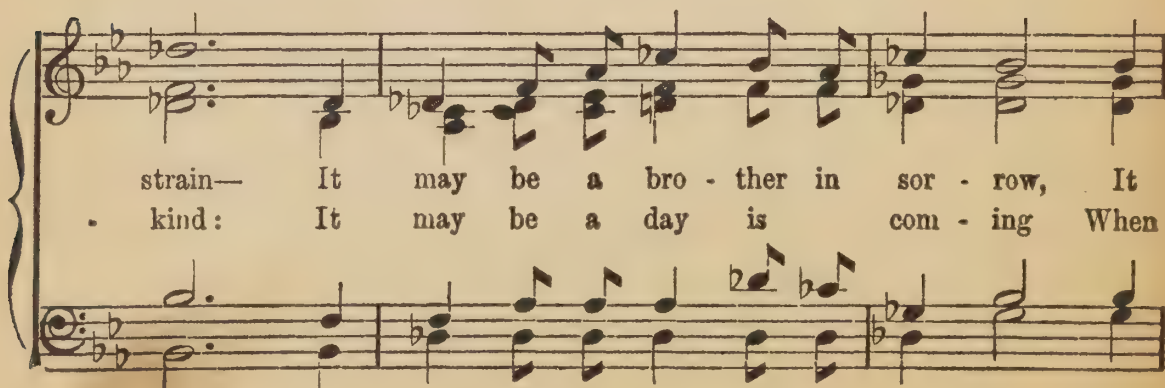
1. What is the use of dream - ing, What is the use of song, If it
2. What is the use of toil - ing, Toil - ing to gar - ner gold,



cheer not the soul of the wea - ry, The jour - ney of life a - long? My
Stained by the blood of the work - ers, Tarnished with tears un - told. My



dream - ing shall be of the fair - est, My song of the sweet - est
la - bour shall be for the Peo - ple, Ev - er for hu - man -



strain— It may be a bro - ther in sor - row, It
kind: It may be a day is com - ing When

may be a soul in pain, Will lis - ten, and catching my mean - ing, And
we shall leave be - hind All this long night of sor - row, All

(4 parts *ad lib.*)

join - ing the glad - some theme, Shall not be in vain my
these long years of care, And this wil - der - ness world so

sing - ing, Shall not be in vain my dream, Shall
drear - y Bloom in - to a gar - den fair, ... And this

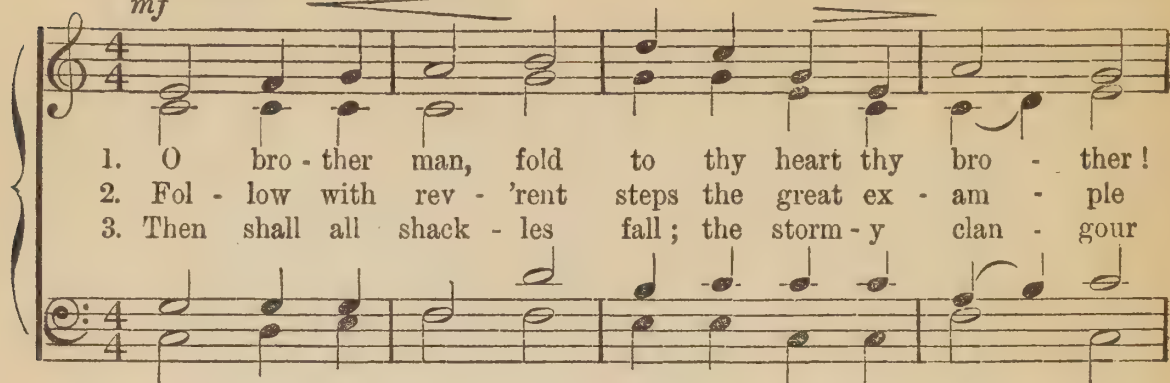
not be in vain my sing - ing, Shall not be in vain my dream.
wil - der - ness world so drear - y Bloom in - to a gar - den fair.

No. 45. (1st Tune.) O BROTHER MAN!

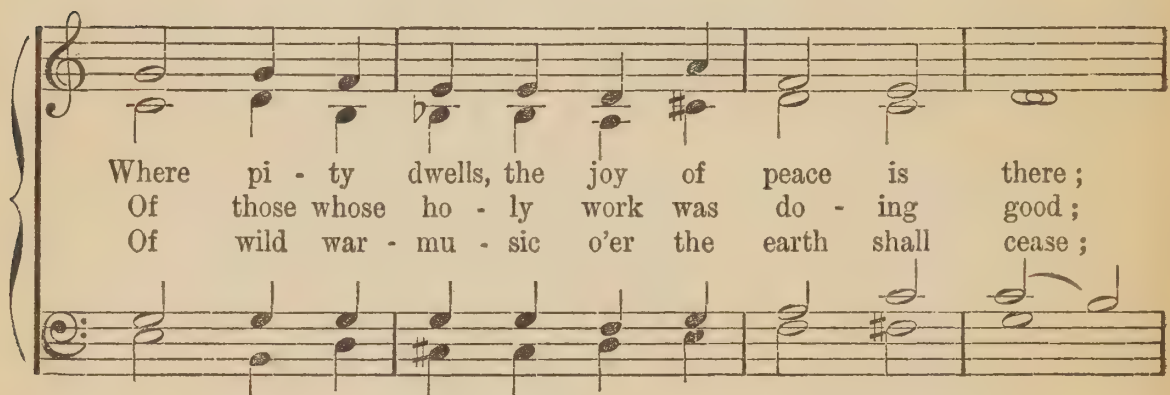
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

E. JOSEPHINE TROUP.

mf

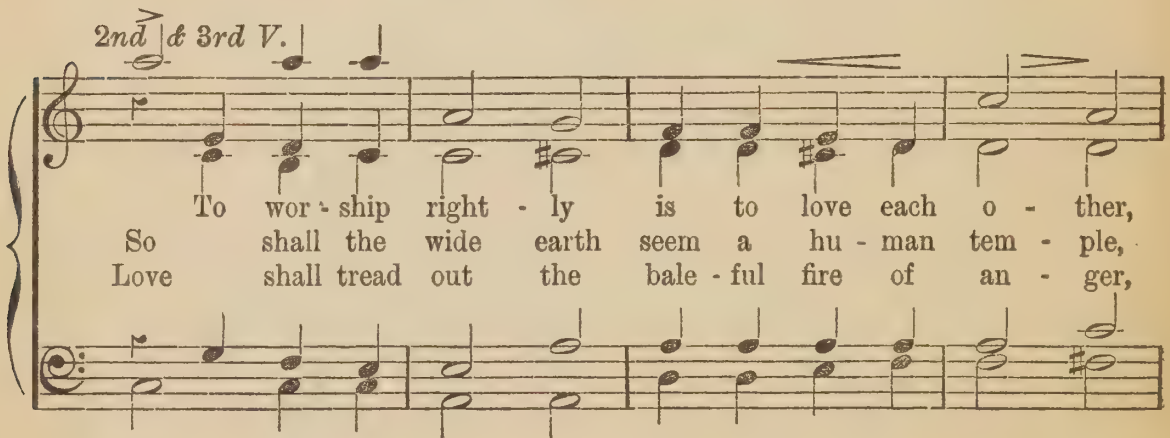


1. O bro - ther man, fold to thy heart thy bro - ther !
 2. Fol - low with rev - 'rent steps the great ex - am - ple
 3. Then shall all shack - les fall ; the storm - y clan - gour



Where pi - ty dwells, the joy of peace is there ;
 Of those whose ho - ly work was do - ing good ;
 Of wild war - mu - sic o'er the earth shall cease ;

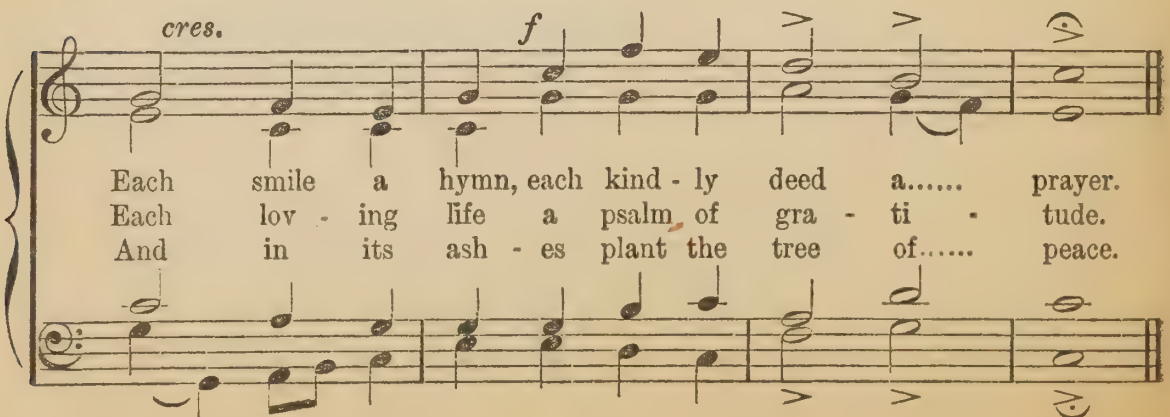
2nd & 3rd V.



To wor - ship right - ly is to love each o - ther,
 So shall the wide earth seem a hu - man tem - ple,
 Love shall tread out the bale - ful fire of an - ger,

cres.

f



Each smile a hymn, each kind - ly deed a..... prayer.
 Each lov - ing life a psalm of gra - ti - tude.
 And in its ash - es plant the tree of..... peace.

No. 45. (2nd Tune.) O BROTHER MAN!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

W. E. BOOKER.

1. O bro - ther man, fold to thy heart thy bro - ther !
2. Fol - low with rev - 'rent steps the great ex - am - ple
3. Then shall all shac - kles fall; the storm - y clan - gour

Where pi - ty dwells, the joy of peace is there;
Of those whose ho - ly work was do - ing good;
Of wild war - mu - sic o'er the earth shall cease;

To wor - ship right - ly is to love each o - ther,
So shall the wide earth seem a hu - man tem - ple,
Love shall tread out the bane - ful fire of an - ger,

Each smile a hymn, each kind - ly deed a prayer.
Each lov - ing life a psalm of gra - ti - tude
And in its ash - es plant the tree of peace !

No. 46. (1st Tune.) THE DAY OF DAYS.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

RUTLAND BOUGHTON.

Slow.

1. Each eve earth fall - eth down the dark As
 2. Grey grows the dawn while men - folk sleep;
 3. No oth - er - wise wends on our hope, E'en

though its... hopes were o'er; Yet lurks the sun when
 Un - seen spreads the light, Till the thrush sings to the
 as a ... tale that's told Are fair lives lost, and

day is..... done Be - hind to - mor - row's door.
 col - oured things, And earth for - gets the night.
 all the ... cost... Of... wise, and true, and bold.

4.

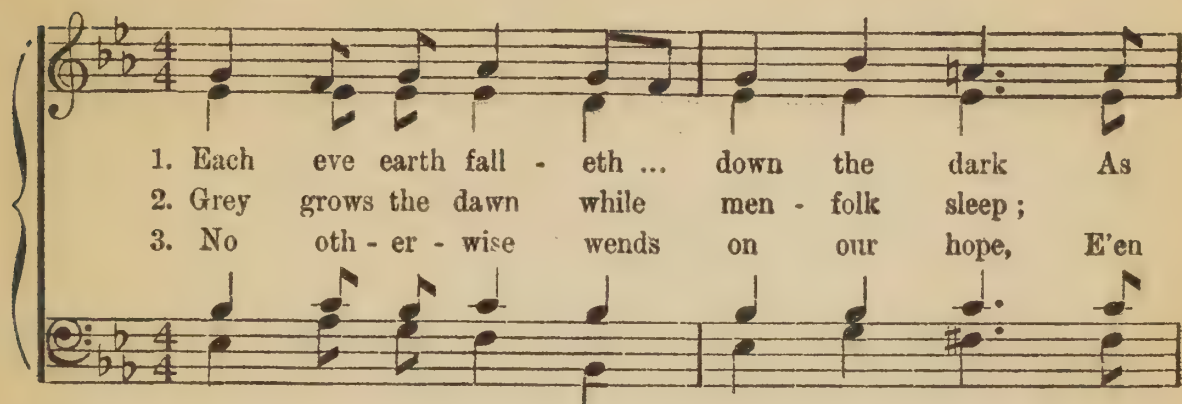
We've toiled and failed. We spake the word—
 None hearkened. Dumb we lie.
 Our hope is dead : the seed we spread
 Fell o'er the earth to die.

5.

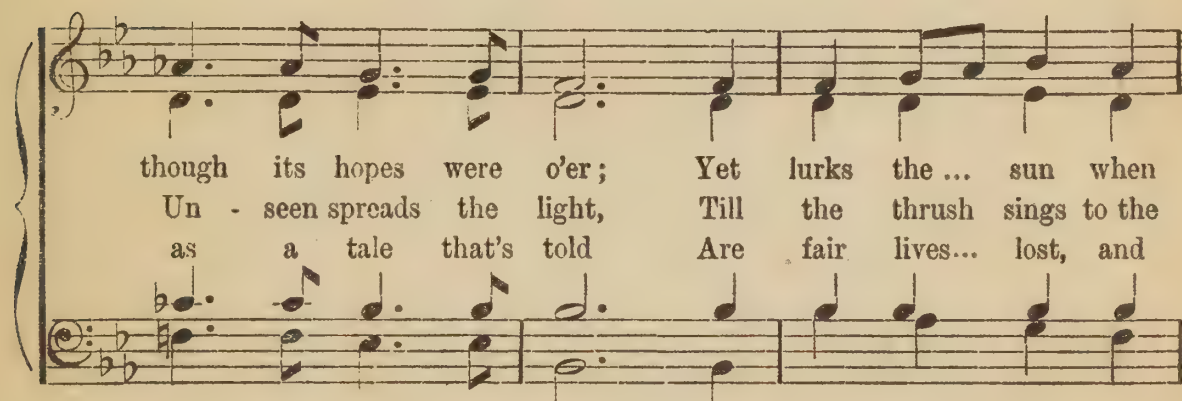
What's this? For joy our hearts stand still,
 And life is loved and dear.
 The lost and found the Cause hath crowned,
 The Day of Days is here.

No. 46. (2nd Tune.) THE DAY OF DAYS.

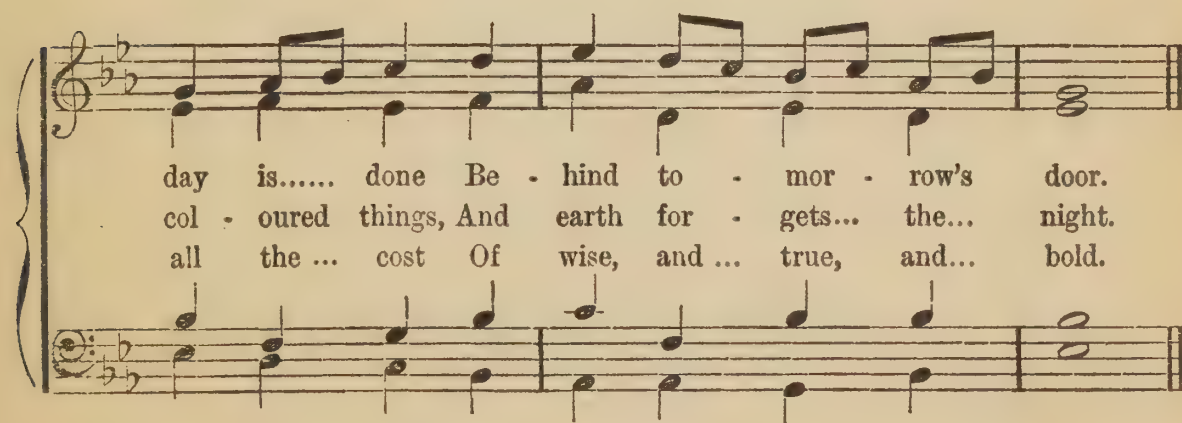
WILLIAM MORRIS.



1. Each eve earth fall - eth ... down the dark As
 2. Grey grows the dawn while men - folk sleep ;
 3. No oth - er - wise wends on our hope, E'en



though its hopes were o'er ; Yet lurks the ... sun when
 Un - seen spreads the light, Till the thrush sings to the
 as a tale that's told Are fair lives... lost, and



day is..... done Be - hind to - mor - row's door.
 col - our'd things, And earth for - gets... the... night.
 all the ... cost Of wise, and ... true, and... bold.

4.

We've toiled and failed. We spake the word—
 None hearkened. Dumb we lie.
 Our hope is dead : the seed we spread
 Fell o'er the earth to die.

5.

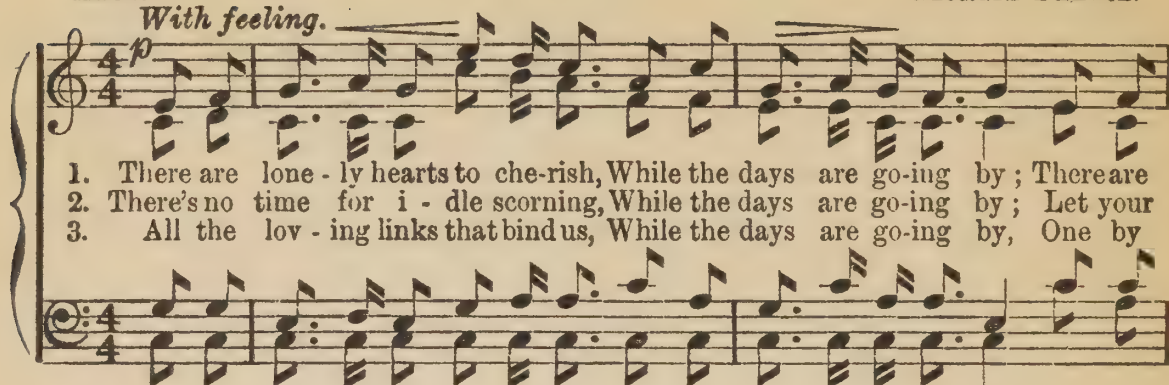
What's this? For joy our hearts stand still,
 And life is loved and dear.
 The lost and found the Cause hath crowned,
 The Day of Days is here.

No. 47. THERE ARE LONELY HEARTS TO CHERISH.

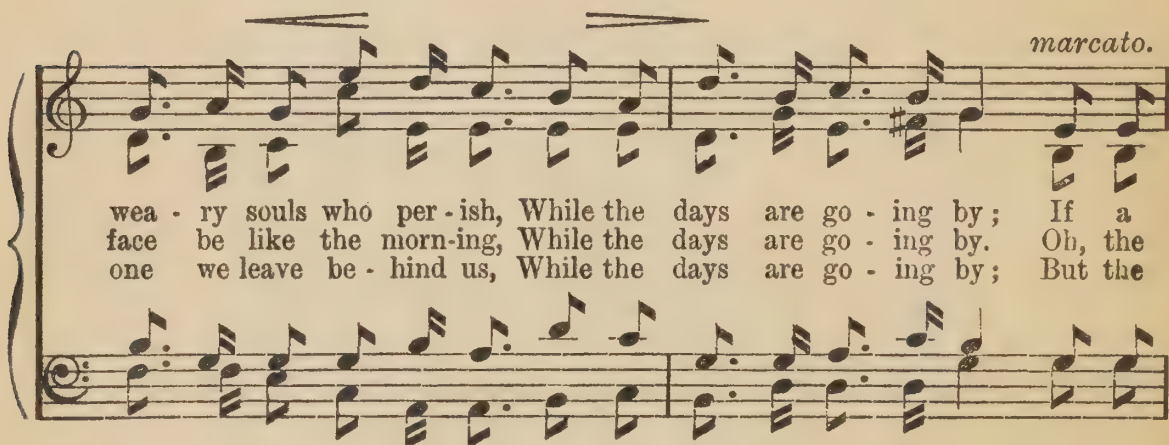
Anon.

GEORGIA PEARCE.

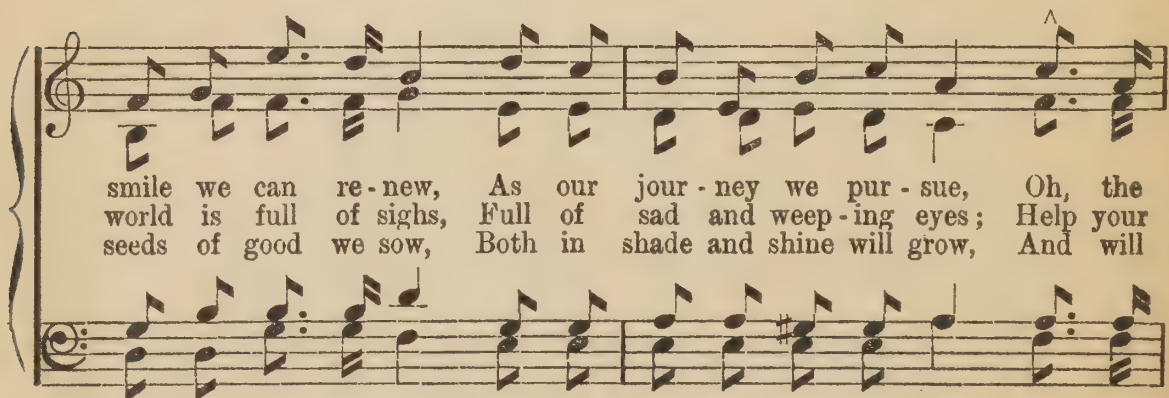
With feeling.



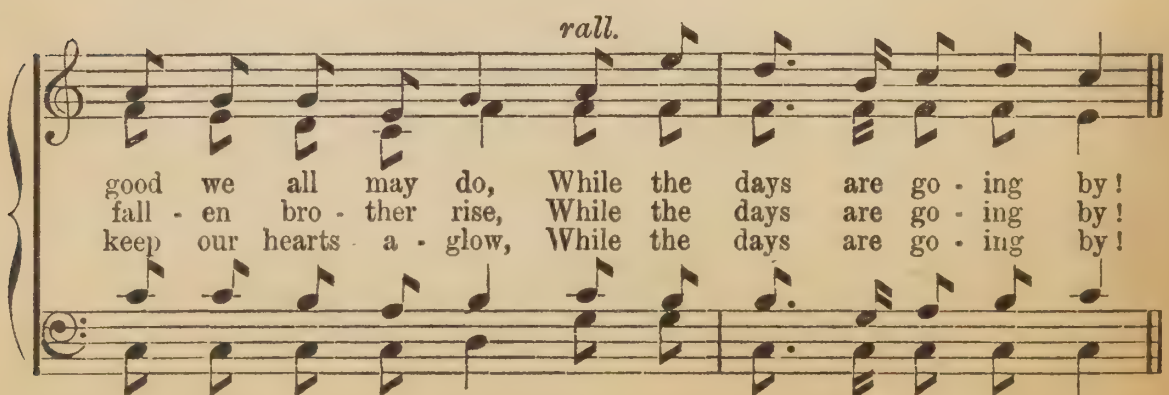
1. There are lone - ly hearts to che - rish, While the days are go - ing by ; There are
2. There's no time for i - dle scorning, While the days are go - ing by ; Let your
3. All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by, One by



wea - ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go - ing by ; If a
face be like the morn - ing, While the days are go - ing by ; Oh, the
one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing by ; But the



smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue, Oh, the
world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep - ing eyes ; Help your
seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will



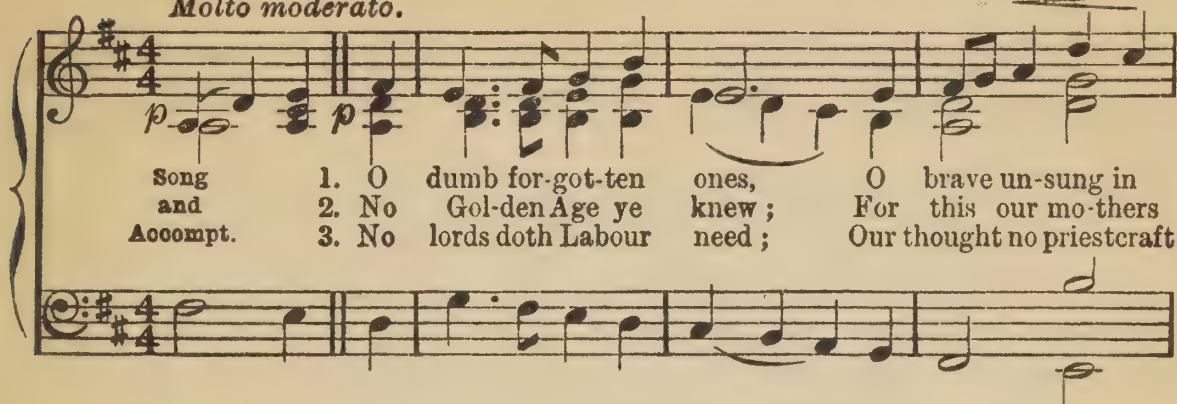
good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by !
fall - en bro - ther rise, While the days are go - ing by !
keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by !

No. 48. THE LIVING TO THE DEAD.

C. W. BECKETT.

CHARLES HOBY.

Molto moderato.

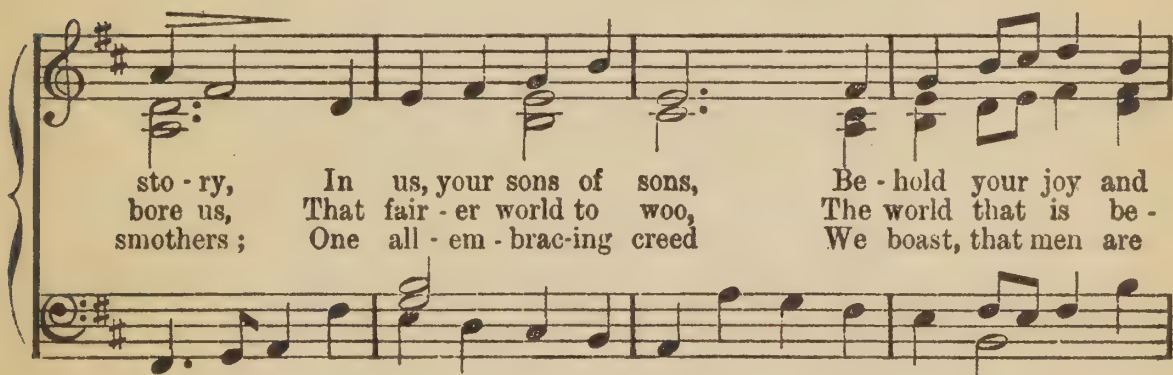


p

Song and Accompt.

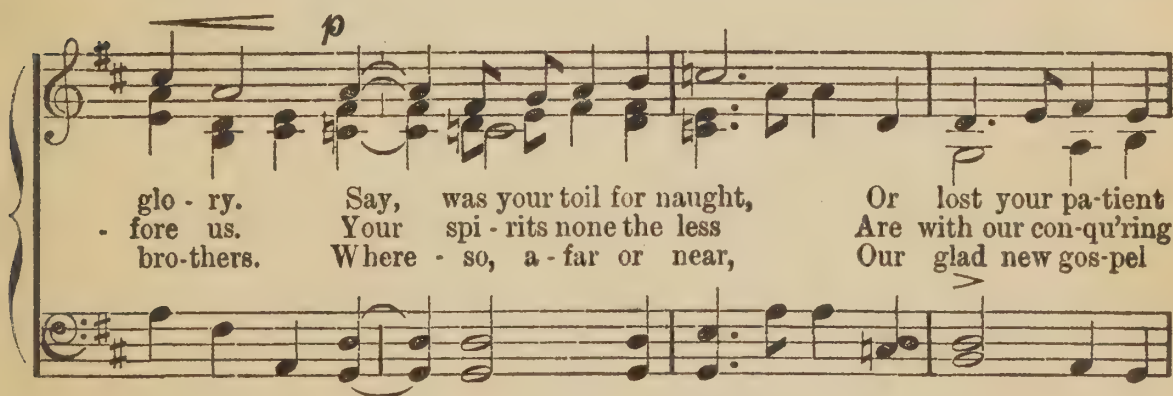
1. O dumb for-got-ten ones,
2. No Gol-den Age ye knew ;
3. No lords doth Labour need ;

O brave un-sung in
For this our mo-thers
Our thought no priestcraft



sto - ry, In us, your sons of sons,
bore us, That fair - er world to woo,
smothers ; One all - em - brac-ing creed

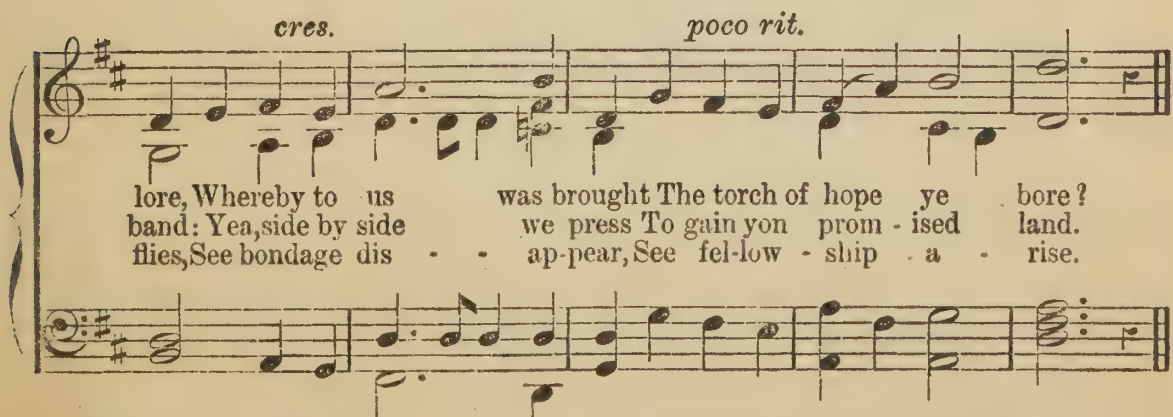
Be - hold your joy and
The world that is be -
We boast, that men are



p

glo - ry. Say, was your toil for naught,
- fore us. Your spi - rits none the less
bro - thers. Where - so, a - far or near,

Or lost your pa-tient
Are with our con-qu'ring
Our glad new gos-pel



cres. *poco rit.*

lore, Whereby to us was brought The torch of hope ye bore ?
band: Yea, side by side we press To gain yon prom - ised land.
flies, See bondage dis - ap - pear, See fel-low - ship a - rise.

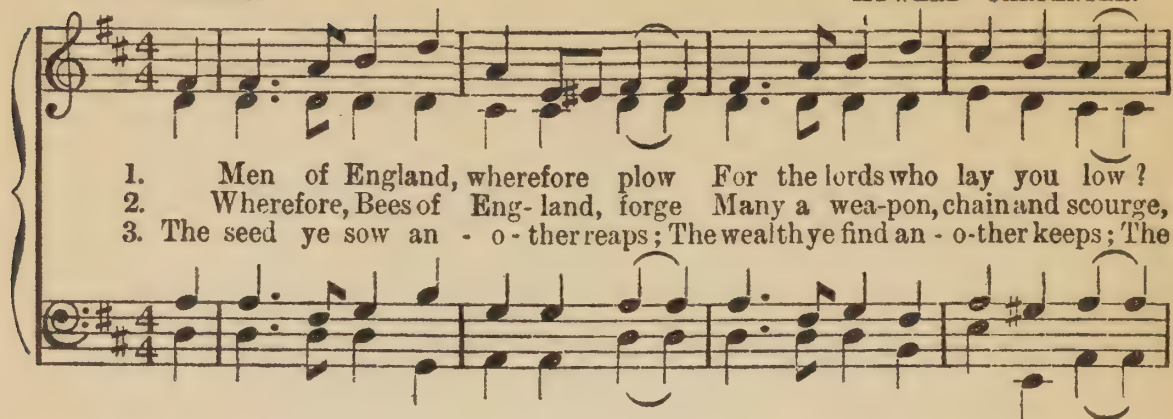
4 Wherever one may roam
When Wealth gives way to Labour,
No land but shall be home,
No man but shall be neighbour.

And fear shall melt in mirth,
And mirth such charm shall strow
That our poor loveless earth
True Paradise shall grow.

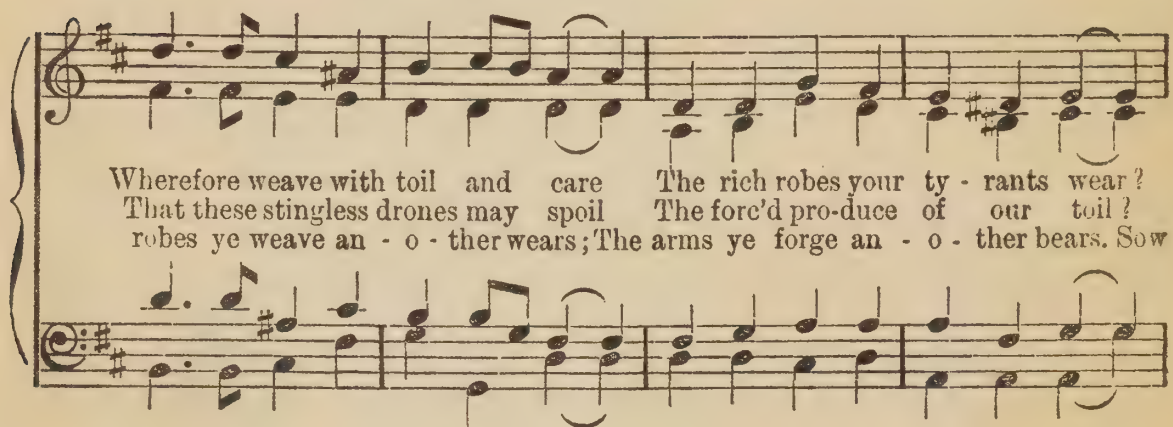
No. 49. MEN OF ENGLAND.

P. B. SHELLEY.

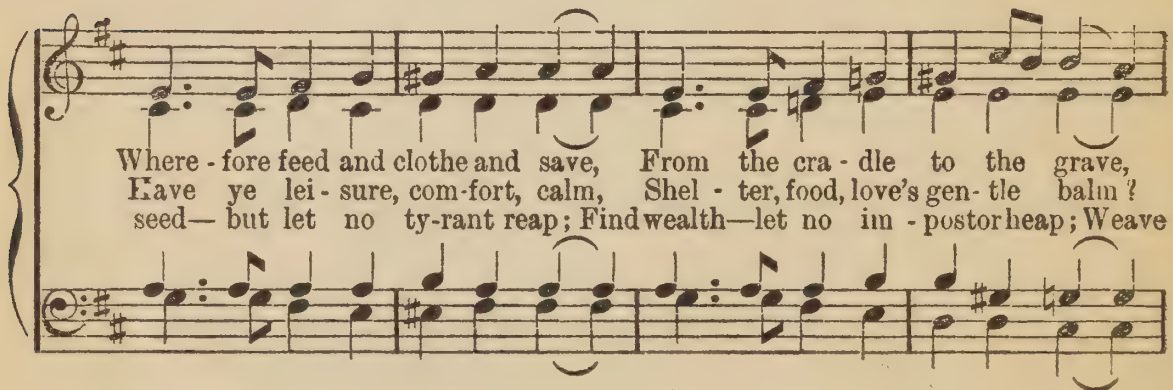
EDWARD CARPENTER.



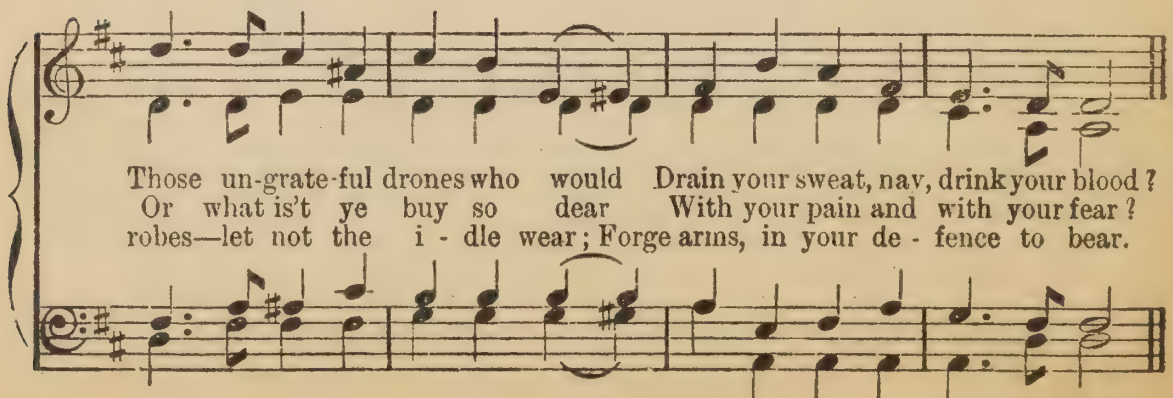
1. Men of England, wherefore plow For the lords who lay you low?
 2. Wherefore, Bees of Eng-land, forge Many a wea-pon, chain and scourge,
 3. The seed ye sow an - o - ther reaps; The wealth ye find an - o - ther keeps; The



Wherefore weave with toil and care The rich robes your ty - rants wear?
 That these stingless drones may spoil The forc'd pro-duce of our toil?
 robes ye weave an - o - ther wears; The arms ye forge an - o - ther bears. Sow



Where - fore feed and clothe and save, From the cra - dle to the grave,
 Have ye lei - sure, com-fort, calm, Shel - ter, food, love's gen - tle balm?
 seed— but let no ty-rant reap; Find wealth—let no im - postor heap; Weave



Those un-grate-ful drones who would Drain your sweat, nav, drink your blood?
 Or what is't ye buy so dear With your pain and with your fear?
 robes—let not the i - dle wear; Forge arms, in your de - fence to bear.

No. 50.

DAY-DAWN.

EVELYN PYNE.

J. BERAGUTH.

Softly.

1. Ye are wea - ry, O my bro - thers, And my
 2. Through the dark - ness, O my bro - thers, Ye have
 3. Young men 'reft of love my bro - thers, Maid - en's

eyes grow dim with tears, For your bur - dens wax more
 toiled in heav - i - ness; Stint - ing nei - ther soul nor
 beau - ty worn a - way— Old men sore and sad with

hea - vy With the hea - - vy - han - ded years: Hear - - ken!
 bo - dy, striv - ing for - - ward still to press— Hear - - ken!
 la - bour— Chil - dren with no time to play— Hear - - ken!

Hear - ken! O my bro - thers, Now a sweet new day ap - pears!
 Hear - ken! O my bro - thers, Swift the day - light comes to bless!
 Hear - ken! O my bro - thers, What the grand new time will say!

- 4 Equal rights it gives, my brothers,
 To the eagle and the dove;
 Right to air and light and knowledge,
 Right to rise your toil above—
 Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,
 For this new great Right is Love!
- 5 Fight; yet pity, O my brothers,
 Save the darkened soul that prays;
 Ye were night-bound—grow not hardened—

- Strength is merciful always—
 Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,
 Nor grow mad in coming days!
- 6 Soon the trumpet, O my brothers,
 Will arouse ye for the light,
 And the day must dawn in darkness,
 That shall end in perfect light!
 Hearken! Hearken! O my brothers,
 Wrong must ever herald Right!

No. 51.

ARISE, MY SOUL!

Anon.

M. M. FAULKNER.

Not too slow.

1. A - rise, my soul ! nor dream the hours Of life a - way ; A -
 2. Oh, dream-er, wake ! your bro - ther man Is still a slave ; And
 3. From out Time's urn your gold - en hours Flow fast a - way ; Then,

- rise ! and do thy be - ing's work While yet 'tis day. The
 thousands go heart-crushed this morn Un - to the grave. The
 dream-er, up ! and do life's work While yet 'tis day. From

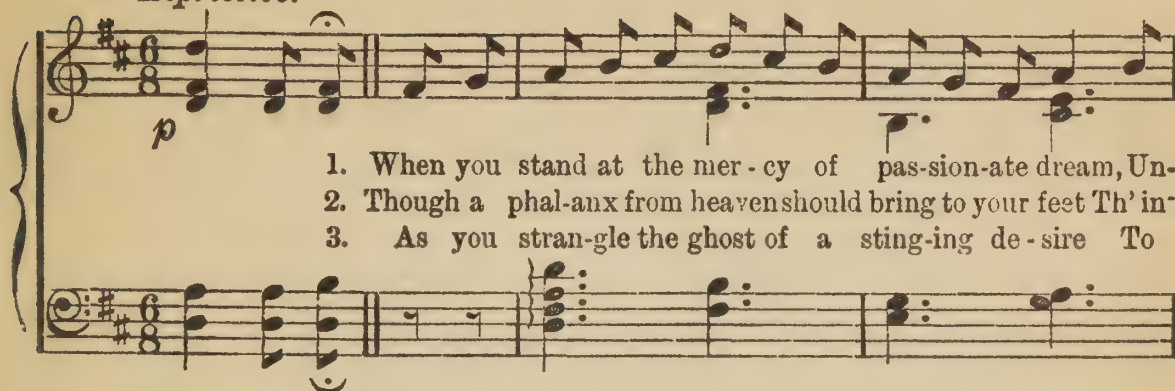
do - er, not the dream-er, breaks The night - y spell Which
 brow of wrong is laur - el-crowned, Not girt with shame ; And
 out Time's urn your gold - en hours Flow fast a - way ; Then,

binds with i - ron bands the earth On which we dwell.
 love and truth and right as yet Are but a name.
 dream - er, up ! and do life's work While yet 'tis day.

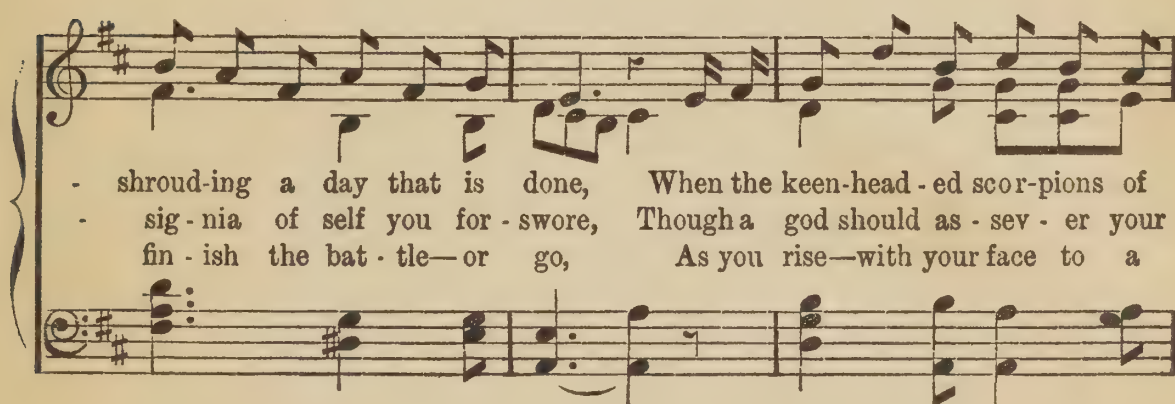
No. 52. A CALL TO ARMS.

ANTONIA WILLIAMS.
Espressivo.

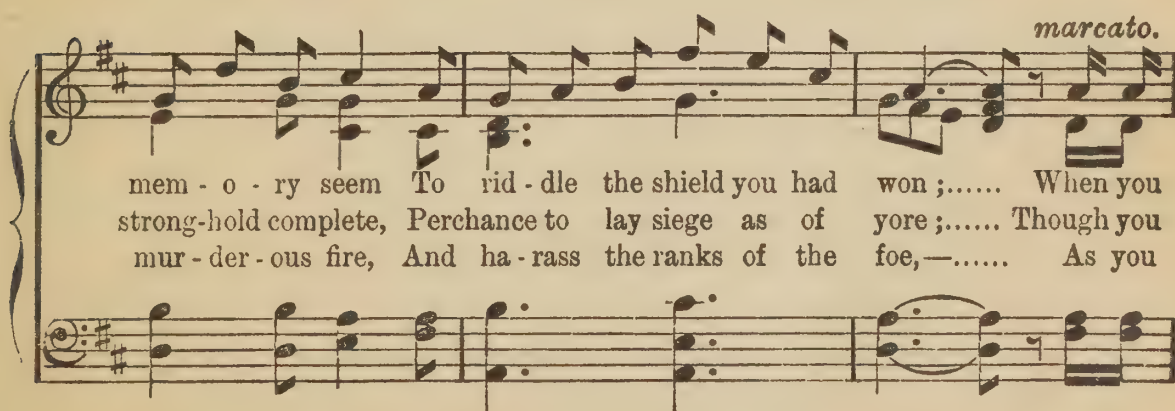
C. WARD ROCHESTER.



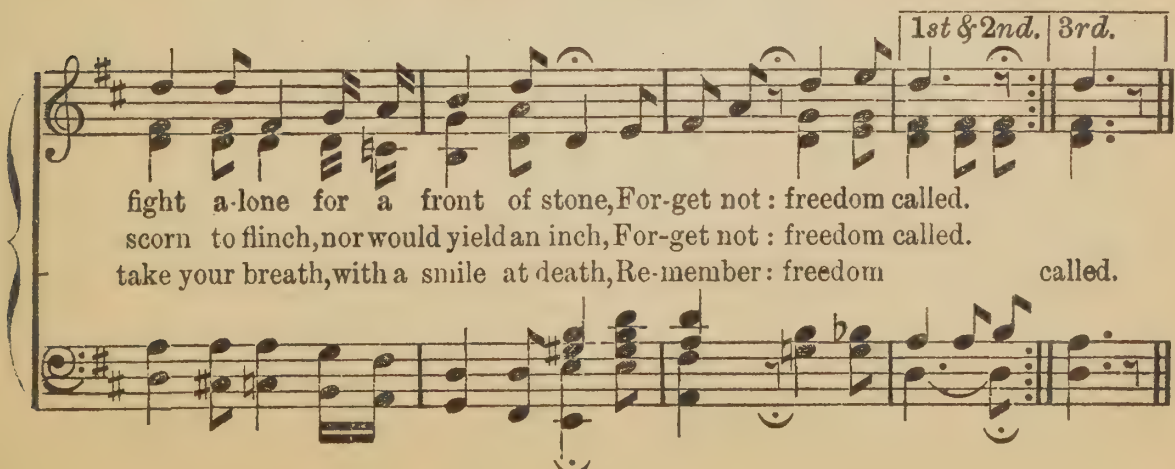
1. When you stand at the mer-cy of pas-sion-ate dream, Un-
2. Though a phal-anx from heavens should bring to your feet Th'in-
3. As you stran-gle the ghost of a sting-ing de-sire To



- shroud-ing a day that is done, When the keen-head-ed scor-pions of
- sig-nia of self you for-swore, Though a god should as-sev-er your
fin-ish the bat-tle-or go, As you rise—with your face to a



mem-o-ry seem To rid-dle the shield you had won;..... When you
strong-hold complete, Perchance to lay siege as of yore;..... Though you
mur-der-ous fire, And ha-rass the ranks of the foe,—..... As you



fight a-lone for a front of stone, For-get not: freedom called.
scorn to flinch, nor would yield an inch, For-get not: freedom called.
take your breath, with a smile at death, Re-mem-ber: freedom called.

No. 53. I STRIVE IN VAIN TO VOICE THE PAIN.

ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

GEORGIA PEARCE.

Lento. Molto espressivo.

1. I strive in vain to voice the pain And
2. Soon may God's Son vouch - safe to one The

all the pi - ty show..... Which, like sad shad - ows
gift our souls to know..... To crys - tal - lize the

in a dream, A - bout me come and go Here
com-mon thought And voice the com - mon woe ; To

mf

in the pent and hud - dled East I
gath - er our poor hopes and fears That

William Matheson
1633 Delaware Ave. Harb.

suf - fer with the throng, And yearn for words like
have lain mute so long, The scat-tered chords, the

rall.

two-edged swords With which to smite the wrong.....
bro - ken words, And weave them in - to song.....

rall.

No. 54. LO, WHEN WE WADE THE TANGLED WOOD.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

G. SHARP.

p

1. Lo, when we wade the tan - gled wood, In
2. But look - ing up, at last we see The
3. So now, a - midst our day of strife, With

cres.

haste and hur - ry to be there, Nought
glim - mer of the o - pen light From
many a mat - ter glad we play, When

seem its leaves and blos - soms good For
o'er the place where we would be, Then
once we see the light of life Gleam

all that they be fash - ioned fair.
grow the ve - ry bram - bles bright.
through the tan - gle of to - day.

No. 55.

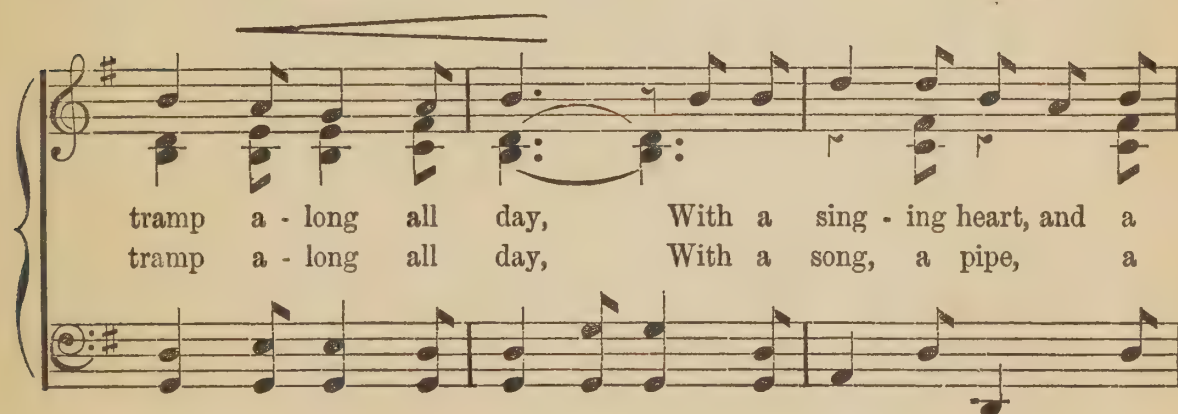
TRAMPING SONG.

Words and Melody by HARRY BESWICK.
mf

Allegretto con brio.

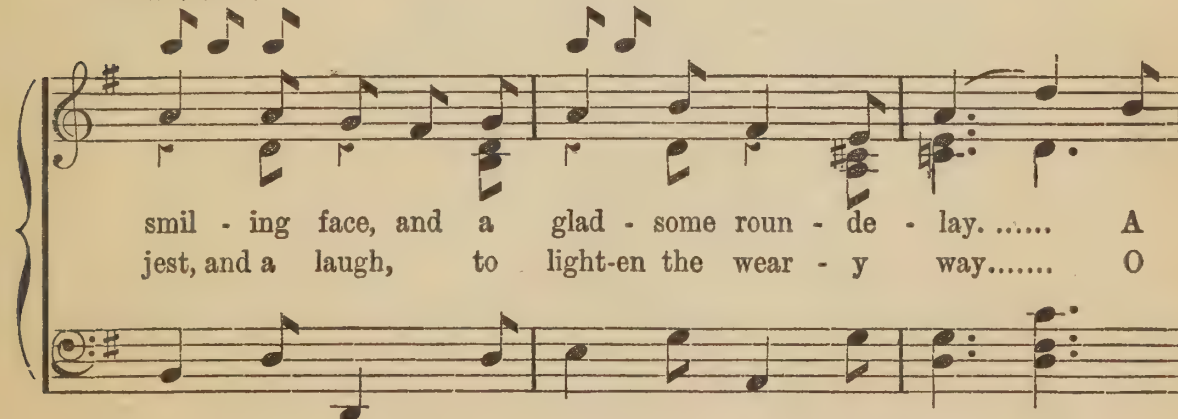


1. Tramp a - long, and tramp a - long, then
2. Tramp a - long, and tramp a - long, then

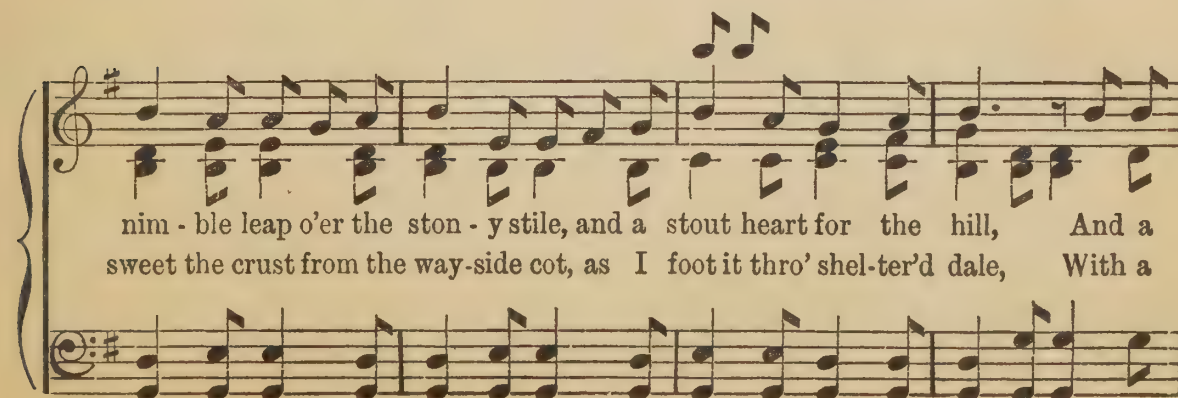


tramp a - long all day, With a sing - ing heart, and a
tramp a - long all day, With a song, a pipe, a

2nd Verse.



smil - ing face, and a glad - some roun - de - lay. A
jest, and a laugh, to light-en the wear - y way. O



nim - ble leap o'er the ston - y stile, and a stout heart for the hill, And a
sweet the crust from the way-side cot, as I foot it thro' shel-ter'd dale, With a

halt in the heat to pad-dle the feet in the cool of a rip-pling rill. Then
cup now and then from the har-vest-men of their humming, nut-brown ale. And the

cres. poco a poco.

who would en - vy king or peer, or for lord - ly pal - ace sigh? ... The
country maids, in the bos - ky glades, glance up from their work 'mid the sheaves, And I

toils and plots of the chaff - ring mart, and the trou-bles they bring? not
hear the sweet note from the red-start's throat, and the mar-tins flit by the

I! For all my wealth is in my poke, and there's precious lit - tle o'
eaves. Would I change my lot? not I, God wot! for the merchant with all his

that, gains, But sel-dom I weep, for no trou-bles I keep Be -
For I am free as the shim-mer-ing sea, Whilst he's

- neath my bat-ter'd old hat. ... So tramp a - long, and tiamp a - long, then
fetter'd with gold - en chains. So tramp a - long, and tramp a - long, then

tramp a - long all day, With a sing - ing heart, and a
tramp a - long all day, With a song, a pipe, a

smil - ing face, and a gladsome roun-de - lay....
jest, and a laugh, to lighten the wear-y way.

No. 56.

BROTHERHOOD.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

E. JOSEPHINE TROUP.

1. The crest and crown - ing of all good, Life's
 2. Come, clear the way, then clear the way : Blind

fi - nal star, is Bro - ther - hood. For
 creeds and kings have had their day.

2nd V. *piu f*

it will bring a - gain to earth Her
 Break the dead branch - es from the path : Our

long lost po - e - sy and mirth ; Will
 hope is in the af - ter - math - Our

send new light on ev - 'ry face, A
hope is in he - ro - ic men, Star -

king - ly power up - on the race. And
- led to build the world a - gain. To

till it come we men are slaves, And
this e - vent the a - ges ran : Make

tra - vel down - ward to the dust of graves. rit. rall.
way for Bro - ther - hood—make way for Man.

No. 57. COME, COMRADES, COME.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Old Air.

1. Come, com - rades, come, your glass - es clink; Up
 2. Well done! Now drink an - o - ther toast, And
 3. There's li - quor left; come, let's be kind, And

with your hands, a health to drink...The health of all that
 pledge the gath - 'ring of the host—The peo - ple, arm'd in
 drink the rich a bet - ter mind—That when we knock up -

work - ers be, In ev - 'ry land, on ev - 'ry sea, } And
 brain and hand, To claim their right in ev - 'ry land, }
 - on the door, They may be off and say no more.

he that will this health de - ny,

Down a - mong the dead men, Down a - mong the dead men,

Down, Down, Down, Down,

Down a - mong the dead men, Down a - mong the dead men,

Down, Down, Down, Down,

Down a - mong the dead men, Down a - mong the dead men,

ff Down a - mong the dead men let him lie. *ritard.*

4.

Now, comrades, let the glass blush red ;
 Drink we the unforgotten dead
 That did their deeds and went away
 Before the bright sun brought the day.
 And he that will, &c.

5.

The Day? Ah, friends, late grows the night ;
 Drink to the glimmering spark of light,
 The herald of the joy to be,
 The battle-torch of thee and me !
 And he that will, &c.

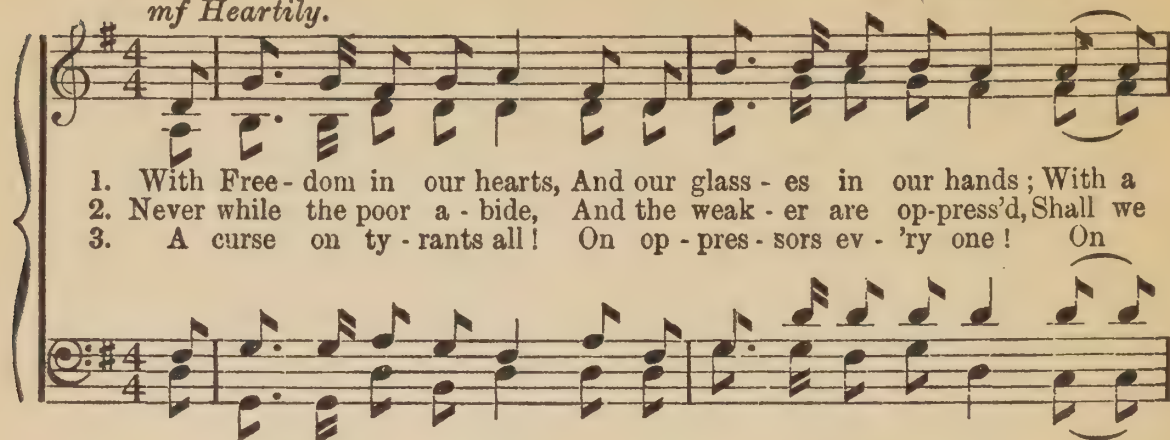
6.

Take yet another cup in hand,
 And drink in hope our little band ;
 Drink strife in hope while lasteth breath,
 And brotherhood in life and death ;
 And he that will, &c.

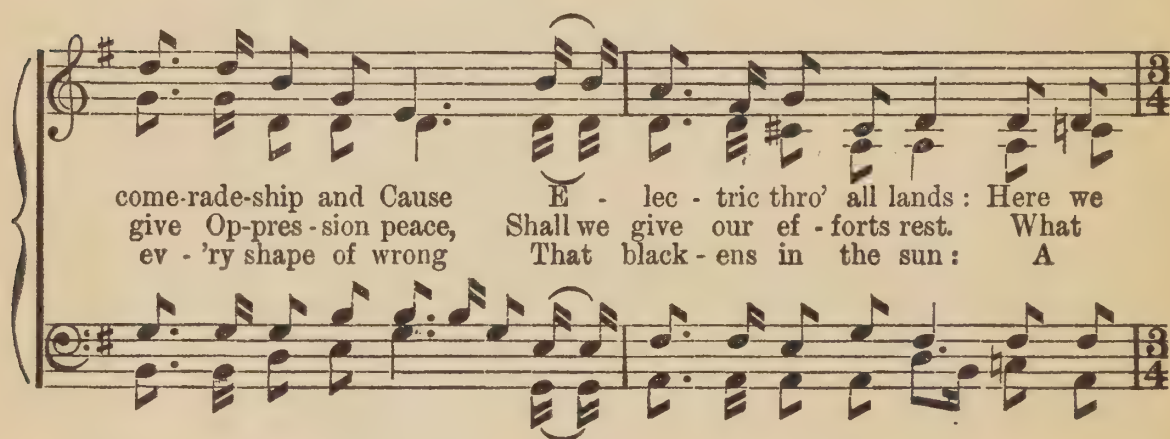
No. 58. WITH FREEDOM IN OUR HEARTS.

J. BRUCE GLASIER.
mf Heartily.

GEORGIA PEARCE.



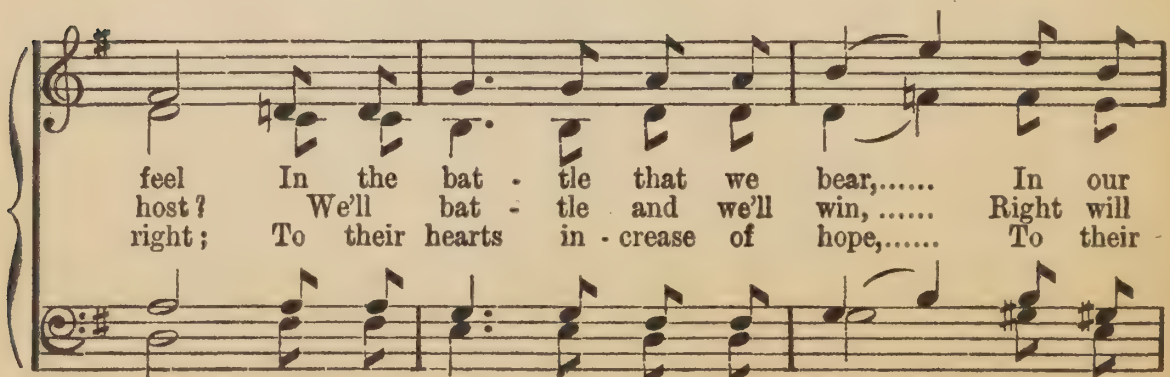
1. With Free-dom in our hearts, And our glass-es in our hands; With a
2. Never while the poor a-bide, And the weak-er are op-press'd, Shall we
3. A curse on ty-rants all! On op-pres-sors ev-'ry one! On



come-rade-ship and Cause E-lec-tric thro' all lands: Here we
give Op-pres-sion peace, Shall we give our ef-forts rest. What
ev-'ry shape of wrong That black-ens in the sun: A

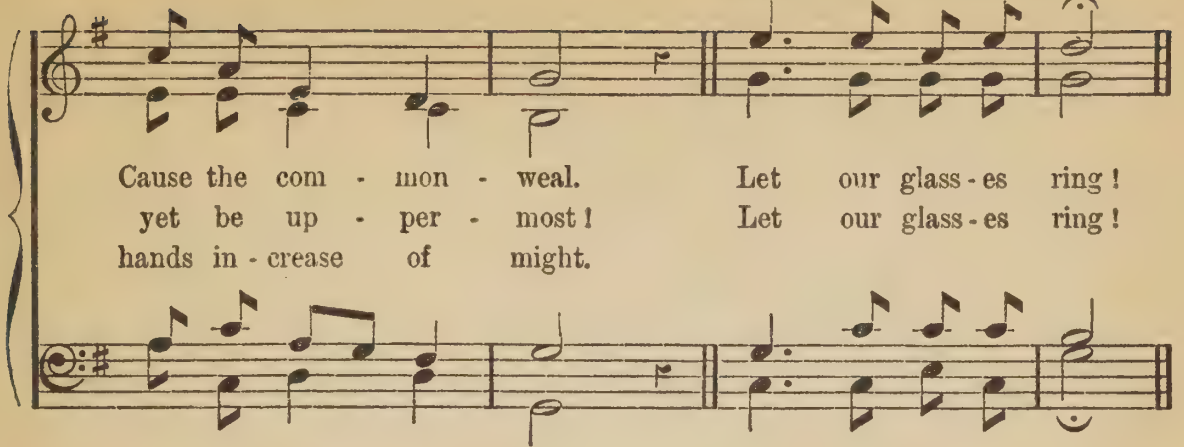


stand-all re-bels true! And we pledge the joy we
though we be as one, And the en-e-my a
bless-ing on all those Who bat-tle for the



feel In the bat-tle that we bear,..... In our
host? We'll bat-tle and we'll win,..... Right will
right; To their hearts in-crease of hope,..... To their

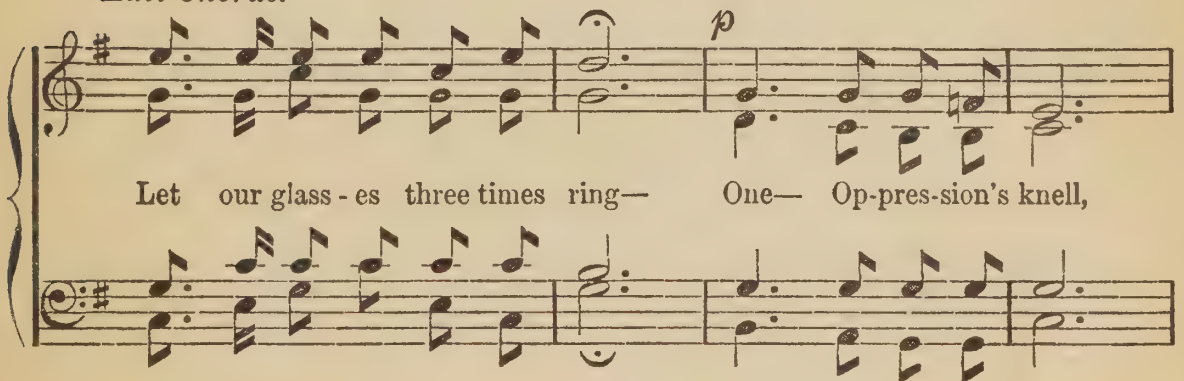
After 1st and 2nd Verses.



Musical score for piano accompaniment and vocal lines. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal lines are written in a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are: "Cause the com - mon - weal. Let our glass - es ring! yet be up - per - most! Let our glass - es ring! hands in - crease of might."

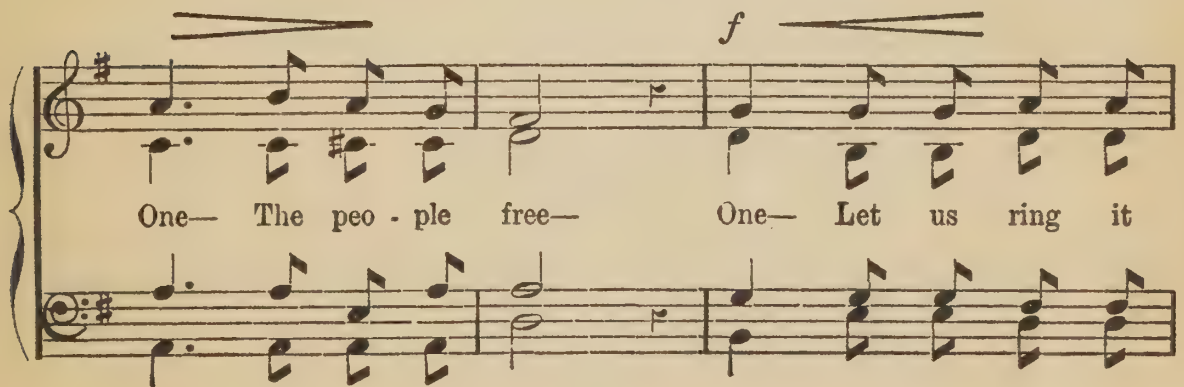
Cause the com - mon - weal. Let our glass - es ring!
yet be up - per - most! Let our glass - es ring!
hands in - crease of might.

Last Chorus.



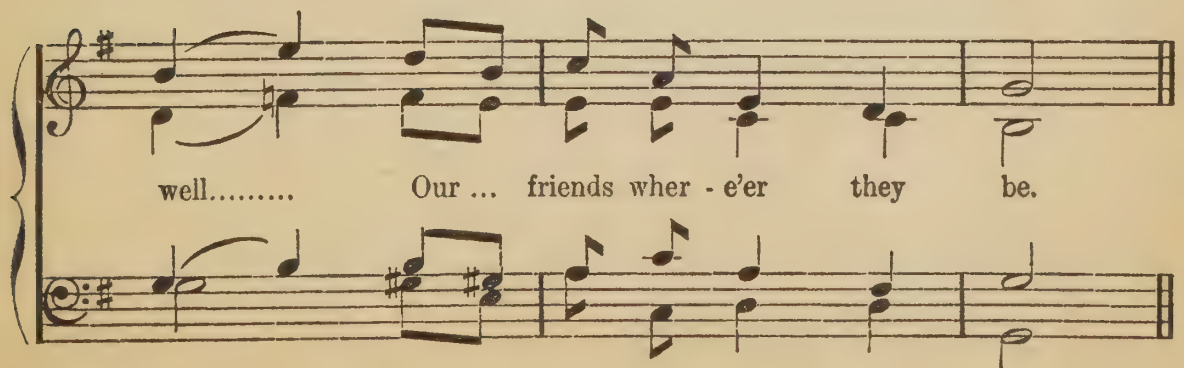
Musical score for piano accompaniment and vocal lines. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal lines are written in a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are: "Let our glass - es three times ring— One— Op-pres-sion's knell,"

Let our glass - es three times ring— One— Op-pres-sion's knell,



Musical score for piano accompaniment and vocal lines. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal lines are written in a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are: "One— The peo - ple free— One— Let us ring it"

One— The peo - ple free— One— Let us ring it



Musical score for piano accompaniment and vocal lines. The piano part consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal lines are written in a single staff with a treble clef. The lyrics are: "well..... Our ... friends wher - e'er they be."

well..... Our ... friends wher - e'er they be.

No. 59. A SONG IN SEASON.

E. F. FAY.

CHARLES HOBY.

Allegretto con brio.

Piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked *f* (forte). The music consists of two staves with a treble and bass clef. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4.

VOICE. *f*
ACCOMP.

1. Here's to ev - 'ry hon - est... fel - low, In a
2. Then my friends—shall I say... bro - thers—Let the

Vocal entry and piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the song. The vocal line is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4.

cup of... pur - ple wine; Whig or Prig, or Rad. or
Lov - ing... Cup go round; For I bear no ill to

Piano accompaniment for the third and fourth lines of the song. The music is in the bass staff, with a treble staff above it. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4.

cres.

Tor - y, An'... he will's... a friend of
an - y He... that walks.. up - on the

Piano accompaniment for the fifth and sixth lines of the song, marked *cres.* (crescendo). The music is in the bass staff, with a treble staff above it. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4.

mine :
ground.

Here's to ev - 'ry mer - ry
Here's to ev - 'ry hon - est

maid - en, Be her tress - es..... dark or
fel - low, In a cup..... of..... pur - ple

accel.

fair - wine. Whe - ther gor - geous silk..... ar -
Whig or Prig, or Rad..... or

tempo.

- rayed in, Whe - ther home - spun be..... her... wear.
Tor - y, For to - day he's friend of..... mine !

No. 60. HAIL, SACRED COMRADESHIP!

JAMES GRUN.

National Anthem.

1. Hail! sa - cred Com - rade-ship! Prais'd be with heart and lip
2. Sing we the joy of life! Haste we to end the strife

The first system of music is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a piano introduction marked 'f' (forte) with a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

All the world o'er! Through thee vic - to - ri - ous,
All the world o'er! Naught like our love is strong!

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes a repeat sign in the treble staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Hap - py and glo - ri - ous Days are in
Right shall o'er - whelm the wrong! This is our

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

store for us, All the world o'er.
Faith, our song, All the world o'er.

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

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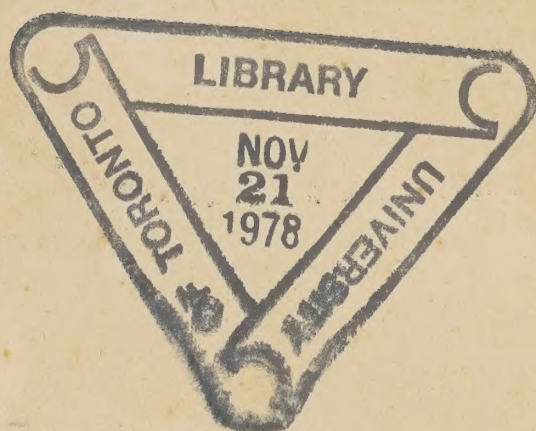
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